Miss America

MARCH 10¢

How to handle
FIRST CRUSHES
by
Shirley Temple

Sweetheart

There's something about a girl with beautiful hair . . . something that catches a fellow's eye and captures his heart! • So make sure *your* hair is always at its lovely best. Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. • As pretty 16-year-old fashion model and Drene Girl, Mary Mohr, says, "It's easy to have sparkling-clean hair when you shampoo with Drene." Drene is not a soap shampoo . . . never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. Drene can't "dry out" hair . . . but leaves it soft, shining . . . up to 33 per cent more lustrous than any soap or soap shampoo. Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it. • If you like the sleek page-boy style Mary wears, mail the coupon for setting instructions. • Yes, once you've seen what Drene can do to make a "Sweetheart" out of you, you'll always be a Drene-girl too!

How to set this Hair-do

Free

Use coupon or write: Drene Shampoo, Procter & Gamble
Dept. QM, Box 687, Cincinnati 1, Ohio

- **A** Free setting and combing instructions for the smooth page-boy arrangement pictured above.
- **B** Illustrated booklet on hair care, oily and dry hair problems, good shampooing technique, dandruff, etc.
- **C** Right and wrong hair-do chart for slim, narrow face and for round, full face; hair styling rules and routine care.

(Check coupon below or write for each item you wish)

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

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drene SHAMPOO
with hair conditioning action
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Drene Shampoo, Procter & Gamble
Dept. QM, Box 687, Cincinnati 1, Ohio

Please send me FREE the items checked below:

A ☐ B ☐ C ☐

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Street Address ....

City .... *State* ....

(This coupon good until June, 1947)

FOR THE GAL WHO'S

Past the little-girl stage

PETITEEN sizes 10 to 14A are styled and sized just for you! You can wear PETITEENS without alterations, because each dress and suit is made for you alone!

Try on these two newest **PETITEENS** at your favorite store they're NOT little-girl clothes built up for you, they're NOT teen fashions built down for you . . . but **THEY ARE** . . . a gorgeous dress, and a rave suit designed **ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!**

Exclusive with
THE T. EATON CO., LTD. In Canada

CHARM-GAL . . . of BRIGHTON MILL'S wonderful spun rayon that looks like linen. Sweet pastels with white sparkle. Your sizes 10 to 14A . . . only about $11.

SUCCESS SUIT . . . NORBROOK fabric . . . fine pure wool, in luscious colors, with exquisite detail. Your sizes 10 to 14A . . . only about $20.

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PETITEEN, DEPT. M3, 520 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Miss America

MARCH, 1947 VOLUME 5, NO. 5

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Miss America
MARCH 10¢
How to handle FIRST CRUSHES by Shirley Temple

The popularity story! You—and your new dress, showing off the young, high-waisted, Empire silhouette. In Chanel's printed rayon jersey. By Suzy-Que of St. Louis. About $19. Stores on page 63. "Wolf Gal" lipstick by Chen-Yu.

Kodachrome by Trend Studios

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Hello Girls:

The other day a friend of mine came over to the office to visit. Bettsy is quite an active young thing, forever has something "cooking." "I'm so excited, Jean," she began, taking off her coat. "Guess what? Guess what? The most wonderful thing- Liza's having a party Sunday and I'm going and so is Ted and I'm getting a new dress and—"

"Whoa, whoa up there a minute," I had to smile. "There are laws against speeding, you know."

"That's it. That's just it, Jean." Her face clouded over a moment. "That's just what I came to see you about. I get so excited over things. Parties and dances—and well, you know, they always give me butterflies in my tummy. Isn't it awful to become so wound up over things—and childish?" she looked up at me earnestly.

No, it wasn't awful, I assured Bettsy. On the contrary, it was really pretty wonderful. Enthusiasm is a nice thing—it's a young, alive, infectious thing. "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm" Emerson once wrote—and we can hardly disagree. It's the unseen factor that makes *big* things happen against all odds.

Then I told Bettsy about a heart-warming true-life story that happened right here in New York City recently. A hospital, a very worthy, inter-racial institution was being forced to close its doors. It was much-needed, but because of the deficit nothing could be done. Of course, the hospital tried appeals, but it wasn't until a city newspaper stepped in to help out, that things started to happen. The paper enthusiastically "went to town"; it told its readers about this institution which had done so much to help people physically, and also spiritually, to promote the appreciation of other creeds and races. But, it added, with a note of urgency, $50,000 had to be raised immediately, if anything was to be done at all. The newspaper's sparks of enthusiasm caught on, and flamed throughout the entire city. One person told the other, and within a few days enough contributions had poured into Sydenham Hospital so it didn't have to close its doors—temporarily at least!

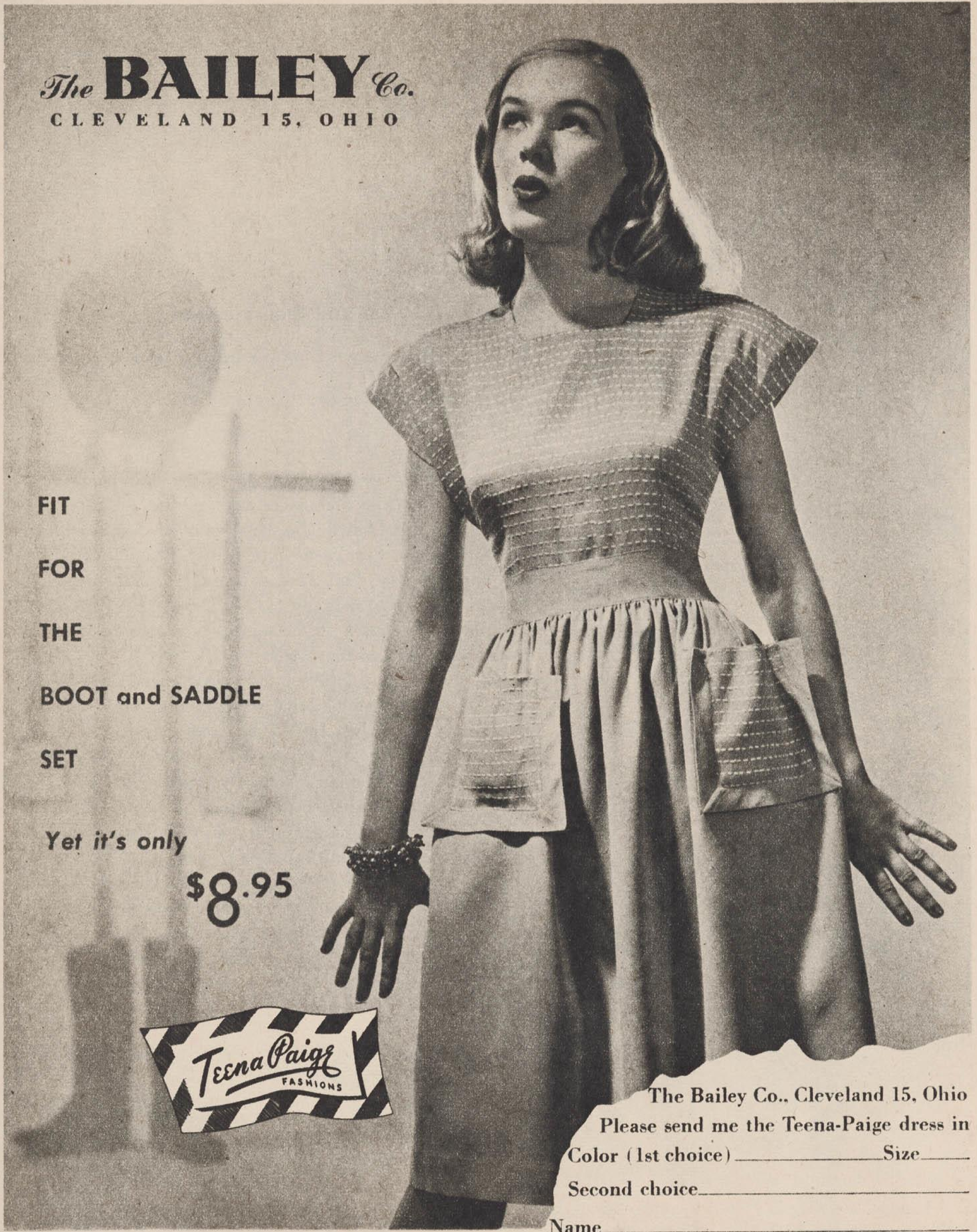
Bettsy looked impressed with that little story, so I went on.

I told her that enthusiasm generally goes with a set of emotions belonging to very nice people, sensitive people. And it isn't at all childish—grownups, the young kind, that is, carry enthusiasm with them all their lives. They know that being blase or bored with things isn't adult or sophisticated—it's stupid. Too much of life calls for deep-down genuine zestful enjoyment, to waste affecting indifference. Enthusiasm isn't something which you can outgrow, at all. I know (although I didn't tell this to Bettsy) because I, too, still get "butterflies in *my* tummy!"

Affectionately,

Jean Goodman

The **BAILEY** *Co.*
CLEVELAND 15, OHIO



FIT

FOR

THE

BOOT and SADDLE

SET

Yet it's only

$8.95

New in every detail—broad shoulders, tiny waist, wide, wide skirt. Saddle stitched, row on row, in a thread-like velvet. Fine rayon gabardine by Concordia-Gallia in aqua, grey, blue, rose. Sized for teens 7-9-11-13-15. **MAIL ORDERS FILLED.**

The Bailey Co., Cleveland 15, Ohio
Please send me the Teena-Paige dress in
Color (1st choice) ____________ Size ______
Second choice ____________________
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City & State ____________________
Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Charge ☐
Residents of Ohio, add 3% Sales Tax

HOLLYWOOD'S Younger Set

by may mann

News of this star and that, views of your raves and faves, as May buzzes around uncovering what's what and what's new in the Cinema Capital . . .

IT was really "awfully cute" to see Frankie Sinatra and his Nancy "kiss and make up." Word travels fast in Hollywood, just as it does in your own home town, 'specially where Frankie is concerned. When we heard he was going to beat Phil Silvers' opening at Slapsie Maxie's Cafe, and Nancy was going too, well, even though it wasn't Saturday (our night out) we coaxed our favorite boy friend to take us to the opening.

Nancy was very pretty, and she pretended to ignore Frankie. He sat at his table with some friends, including Bob Burns and Skitch Henderson, and pretended he didn't see her, either.

Then Frankie rose to sing with Phil Silvers, and whether it had been previously arranged or not, he sang "Going Home," and Phil quipped right out loud, "That would be a good idea!"

Phil would open his big mouth (and wonderful) —Frankie went right down to Nancy's table. (He knew she was there all along, because he made no detours, but walked straight towards her.)

Everyone looked and (*Continued on page* 73)

Chef's delight—Don Defore dishes it out to pert Gale Storm, after completing their new film, "It Happened on Fifth Avenue", for Monogram.

Pretty posy, pretty girl, pretty funny—whatever the story is. Anyway, it amused diners-together Diana Lynn and Dave Street no end.

Together again. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sinatra are all smiles after their reconciliation. May tells you of the heartwarming reunion, here.

How popular are You?

Be a better dancer! Get Arthur Murray's new dance book—only 10c and 1 Wheaties boxtop!

If you're a foxy trotter . . . up zooms your popularity. A slick chick, that's you if you've got rhythm in your feet. You might be more groovy on your dance steps? Could be? Then send for this new book written for teen-agers. It's by that famous dancing teacher, Arthur Murray. It's called, "Let's Dance." Gives the latest low-down on the Fox Trot, Waltz and Lindy Hop. You learn by the Murray "Magic Step" method. Pictures and diagrams show you exactly where and how to move your feet. How to stand. How to follow your partner easily and smoothly.

"Let's Dance" gives you basic steps—the one, two stuff. Also instructions on combining steps.

Okay, now you're dancing. Good manners count toward popularity. So the book includes pointers on dance floor etiquette. Tips on how to keep that stag line coming back for more. Whether a Big Time Operator refuses one man and dances with another. Whether it's smooth to dance with one partner only.

Arthur Murray's new dance book is offered by the makers of Wheaties, crisp toasted whole wheat flakes. Try Wheaties at breakfast tomorrow. And send for your copy of "Let's Dance."

HOW TO ORDER YOUR BOOK

Write to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 369, at 623 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis, Minnesota. Enclose one Wheaties boxtop and 10c. Send today for this new Arthur Murray book, "Let's Dance." Be popular! Be a better dancer!

WHEATIES
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
Let's Dance!
by Arthur Murray

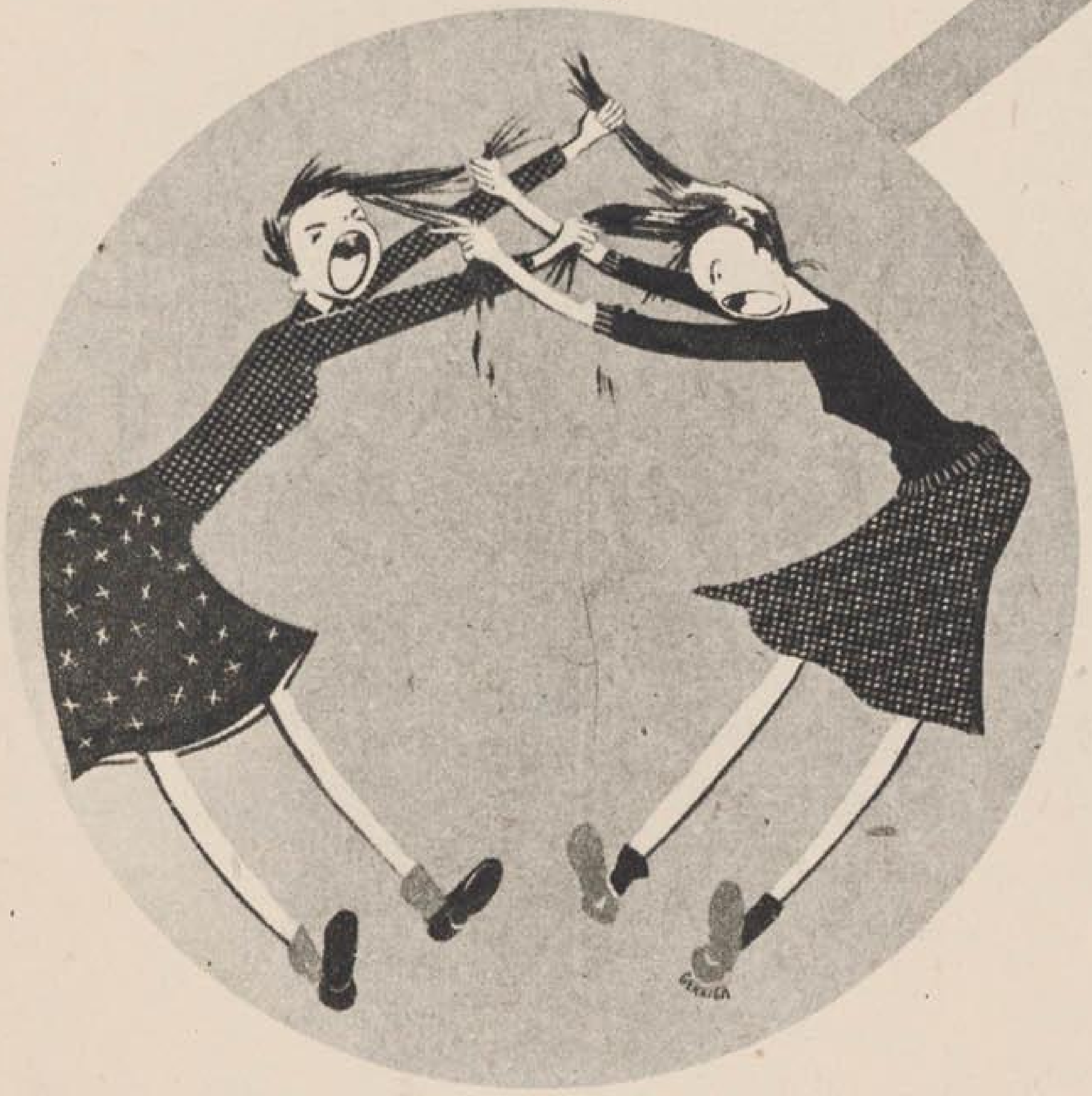
General Mills, Inc.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

for GIRLS ONLY

Ever helpful and understanding Jean Goodman becomes your own special confidante and advisor . . . turn to her with your problems . . . count on her sympathy . . .

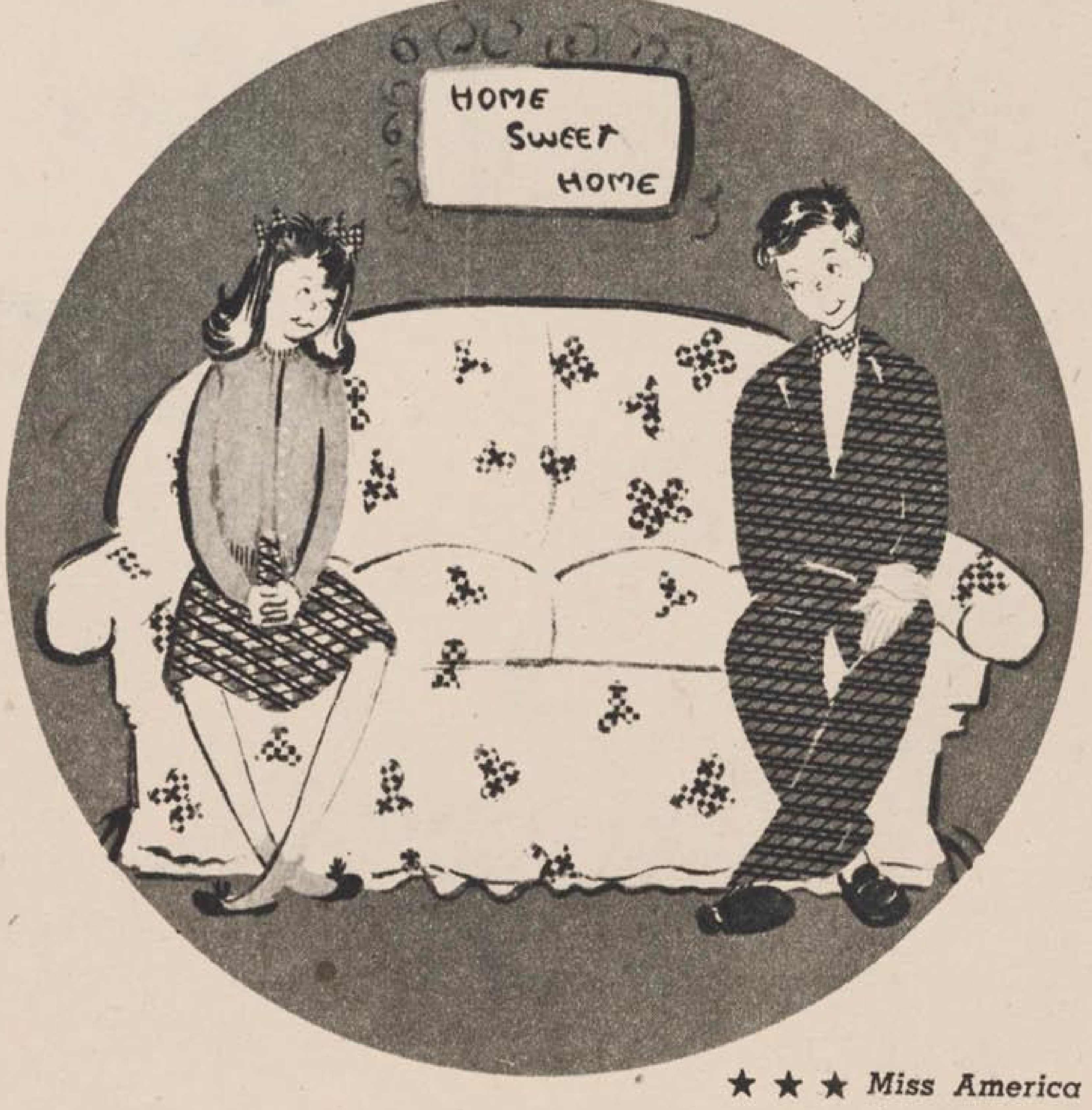
by Jean Goodman



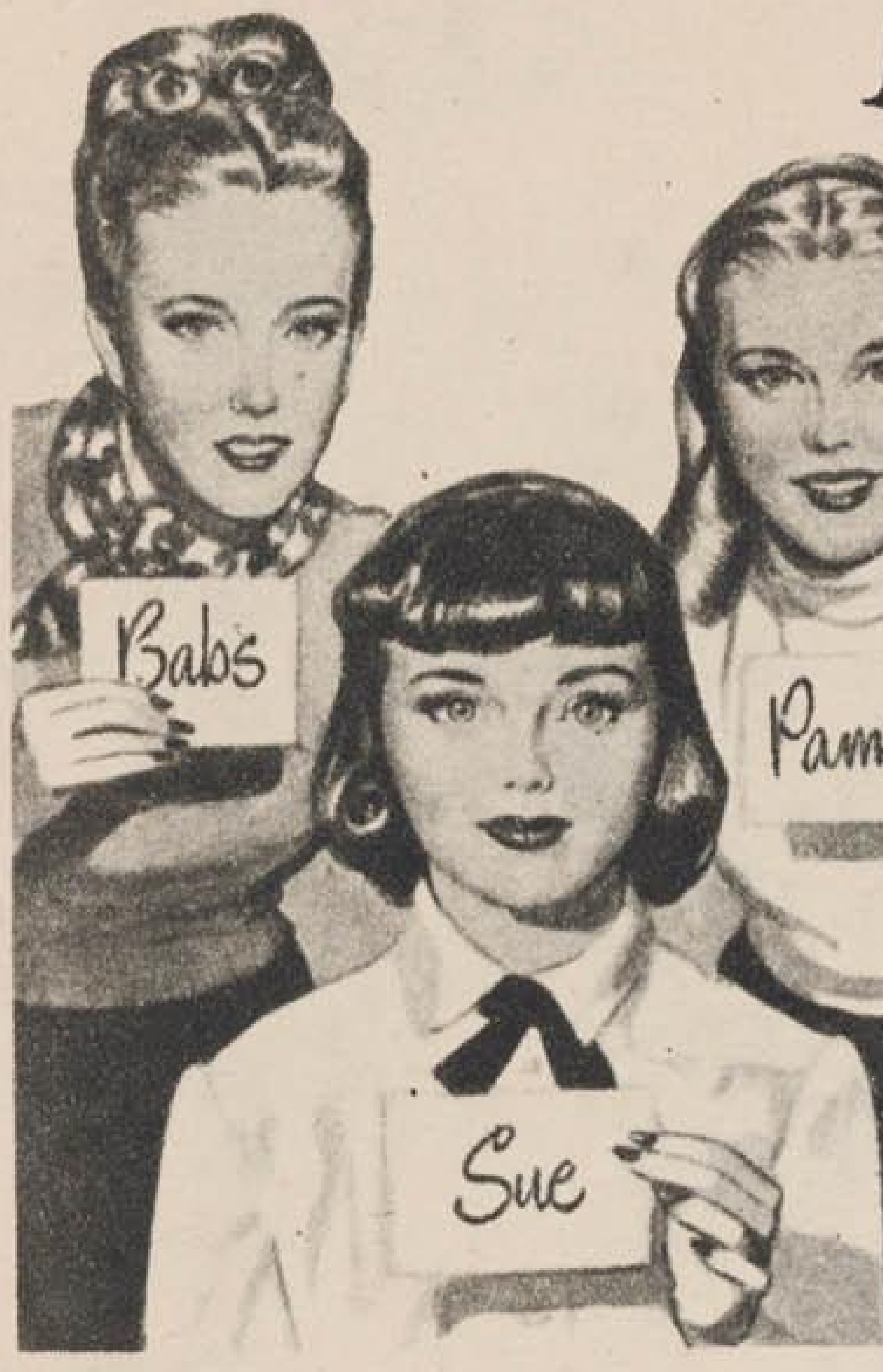
DEAR JEAN: Could you please give me some advice on how to get along with my sister? We are always fighting. We both have bad tempers, and it is hard for both of us to control them. Would you please advise me? Love,

DOLORES.

DEAR DOLORES: One thing you must always remember about a temper is that every time you lose it, it becomes harder for you to control. For giving way to your temper is habit-forming. There eventually comes a time in your life when it becomes impossible for you to solve any kind of a problem through discussion or by seeing the other person's viewpoint. You merely fly into a rage instead—which solves nothing. So the first step in the right direction is to do just what you have done: admit you have a temper. The next thing to do is to learn to control it. You won't find it easy at first, for overcoming this kind of an emotional habit is something at which you have to work. But it helps to use that old device of stopping to count ten before you answer back. And it also helps to use a bit of psychology on yourself. Every time you start to get angry, just stop and think, "This isn't important enough for me to get upset over." Furthermore, if you will talk over your plan for self-improvement with your sister, it's quite possible that she will also realize how silly most of your arguments are. One final thing: people who (*Continued on page* 73)



Are you in the know?



Which gal can wear bangs best?

- ☐ *Babs*
- ☐ *Sue*
- ☐ *Pam*

A hairdo should fit the face that wears it. The pageboy's okay for Pam's oval face. But for chubby-cheeked Sue, bangs are bad. So-o? Babs could use the bangs: they're best suited to her long features. For coiffure-allure, be sure your hairdo befriends your type of face. And for confidence, on problem days, remember Kotex befriends your daintiness. Yes! There's a *deodorant* inside each Kotex napkin. See how this Kotex safeguard helps you stay charming!

Could she look bellhop-trim, by—

- ☐ *Steaming in a Turkish bath*
- ☐ *Dusk-to-dawn jitterbugging*
- ☐ *Wearing a girdle*

Now *there's* the "bellhop look" she'd like! A girdle will help. The kind that belittles her waist, straightens that slump. Girdles are made so cleverly nowadays, you scarcely know you're wearing them. Like Kotex . . . and Kotex Belts. For Kotex is made with lasting *softness* . . . made to *stay soft while you wear it.* And that adjustable Kotex Wonderform Belt fits so comfortably, smoothly (it's elastic) . . . lets you bend freely without binding.

When he admires your dress, do you say

- ☐ *"Really? This old sack?"*
- ☐ *"Are you kidding?"*
- ☐ *"Thank you"*

Some gals imagine they must shrug off a compliment. Such tactics embarrass a fellow! When he tosses a bouquet your way—catch it. Sweetly say, "Thank you." Giving out with the right answers is a mark of poise. It's smooth, too (at certain times) to know the right answer to your sanitary protection needs. Kotex—naturally! Because you get *extra* protection with Kotex exclusive *safety center.* You're poised because Kotex banishes embarrassment!

If you're higher than your squire, should you—

- ☐ *Wait for a taller date*
- ☐ *Come down to earth*
- ☐ *Play stooper-woman*

What if he *isn't* tall and terrific? A short beau in tow is worth ten highboys on the loose. If you like him, come down to earth: avoid towering hats . . . swap spike heels for new, smart flats! No need to stoop. Even at "those" times, your bearing can be poised and proud, because with the help of Kotex, no telltale outlines show. Those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex *prevent* revealing outlines . . . send your confidence soaring!

IRVING NURICK

KOTEX
Kotex
Kotex
Kotex
Kotex

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

I'm going to have
my handwriting
analyzed

I'm going to have
my handwriting
analyzed

mind your P's and Q's

I'm going to
have my
handwriting
analyzed

I'm going to
have my
handwriting
analyzed

THAT handwriting of yours—it just can't keep a secret. It blabs and blabs, even to strangers. It broadcasts your secrets, betrays your hopes and fears, and spreads to the winds things you didn't even know about yourself.

Did you say this all sounds silly? At first glance, maybe it does, but if you stick around a while, perhaps you'll change your mind and get a little fun out of the demonstration in the bargain.

All set? Good. For a starter, supposing you rustle up a sheet of blank, unruled paper and write the following just as you would write a letter to your boy friend or a composition for your English teacher:

"I'M GOING TO HAVE MY HANDWRITING ANALYZED"

Next, using a pencil, divide the sheet of paper into six equal parts and number the sections 1 through 6.

Now, under the proper number, set down the following headings:

1. Pressure—perception and health
2. Slant—affection and disposition
3. Size—moral strength and degree of generosity
4. Punctuation—orderliness
5. Speed—liveliness
6. Individual letters—???

If you're wondering at this point what you've been doing, you're about to learn. You've been making a handwriting chart, and you're going to fill it in yourself as we go along.

First, let's examine the

(*Continued on page 67*)

That ol' debbil handwriting is no respecter of secrets—it blabs right out of the inkwell all about your personality . . .

by pamela stark

Suzy Que
OF SAINT LOUIS
YOUNG FASHION ORIGINALS

we picked a pocket... prettied it with a lucite fob that flips the zipper open in an instant to receive your compact and lipstick. Ornamental shoulder monogram in red or green on grey rayon gabardine; brown on aqua, brown or red on blue. Sizes 9 to 15. $19.98. Mail orders promptly filled.

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famous-barr co.
ST. LOUIS 1, MISSOURI

Fashion's in the clouds...

KITTEN'S EAR TWEED

atop the
Empire
State
Building!

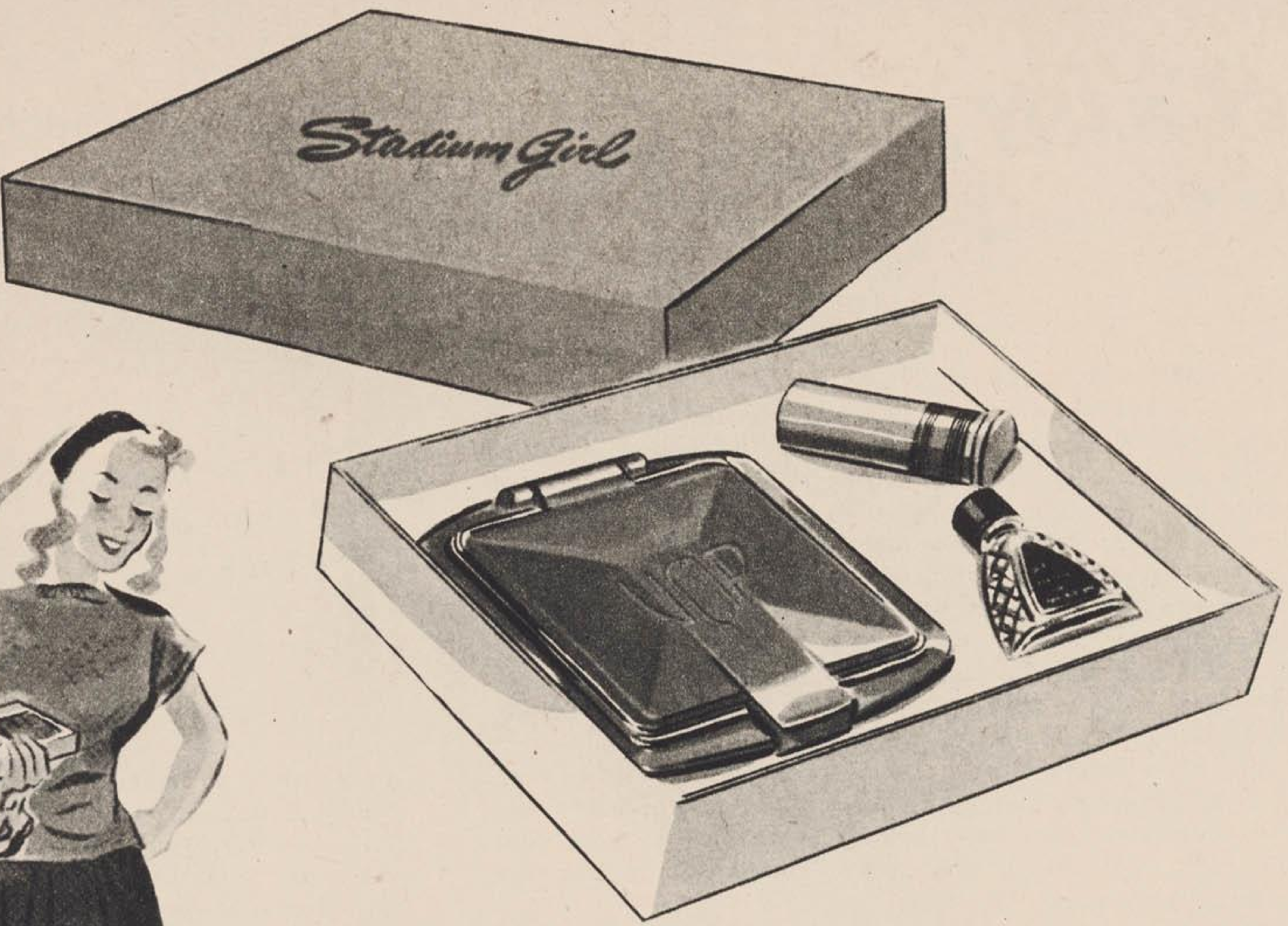
QUALITY RAYON LINED WITH EARL-GLO

The coat has antique coin buttons, a wide handsome belt . . . the sugar coat with the bright buttons has jaunty patch pockets. In luscious KITTEN'S EAR TWEED pastels. Sizes 9 to 15. Coat . . . About $30. Sugar coat . . . Under $25.

Kitten's Ear REGD
TWEED
100% VIRGIN WOOL

WALDMAN & CO.
520 8th Ave., New York City

You can WIN a KITTEN'S EAR COAT! . . . If yours is one of 10 best letters received by March 15th, telling us why you'd like one of these gay coats. Mention age and nearest shopping center.



It's terrific! . . . your gift of this impressive Stadium Girl $1.00 COSMETIC GIFT BOX

(Monogrammed Compact . . . Lipstick . . . Perfume)

One peek inside this handsome, gold-colored Stadium Girl gift box is enough to thrill any girl. For look what it contains: (1) One of the most adorable compacts you've ever seen! It's the new *square* Stadium Girl plastic compact. And it's monogrammed with three initials on the cover in gold! (2) A large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick that stays on and on and on — in a fast-acting, plastic push-up container. (3) A whole dram of the brand-new, flower-fresh scent, Stadium Girl Perfume. . . . A Stadium Girl gift box is appreciated *anytime* as a birthday gift, "bread-and-butter" gift, party prize, etc. It's easy on your allowance — only one dollar (tax and postage included). Your choice of popular lipstick shade and compact color. . . . Order several Stadium Girl gift boxes, by coupon below. Be sure to include one for yourself!

Leading five-and-ten cent stores carry Stadium Girl Lipsticks . . . Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . and Stadium Girl Compacts.

• • • • • TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL TODAY! • • • • •

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 337
411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

NO C.O.D.'S PLEASE

I am enclosing $1.00 for each box (in Canada $1.10), which includes tax and postage in full, or a total of $.................., for.................... Stadium Girl Gift Boxes. I have indicated the compact color and lipstick shade at the right. The letters that I want stamped in gold are clearly printed below.

☐ First initial ☐ Second initial ☐ Third initial

(Attach separate list of initials and color selections for additional boxes.)

Name..

Address..

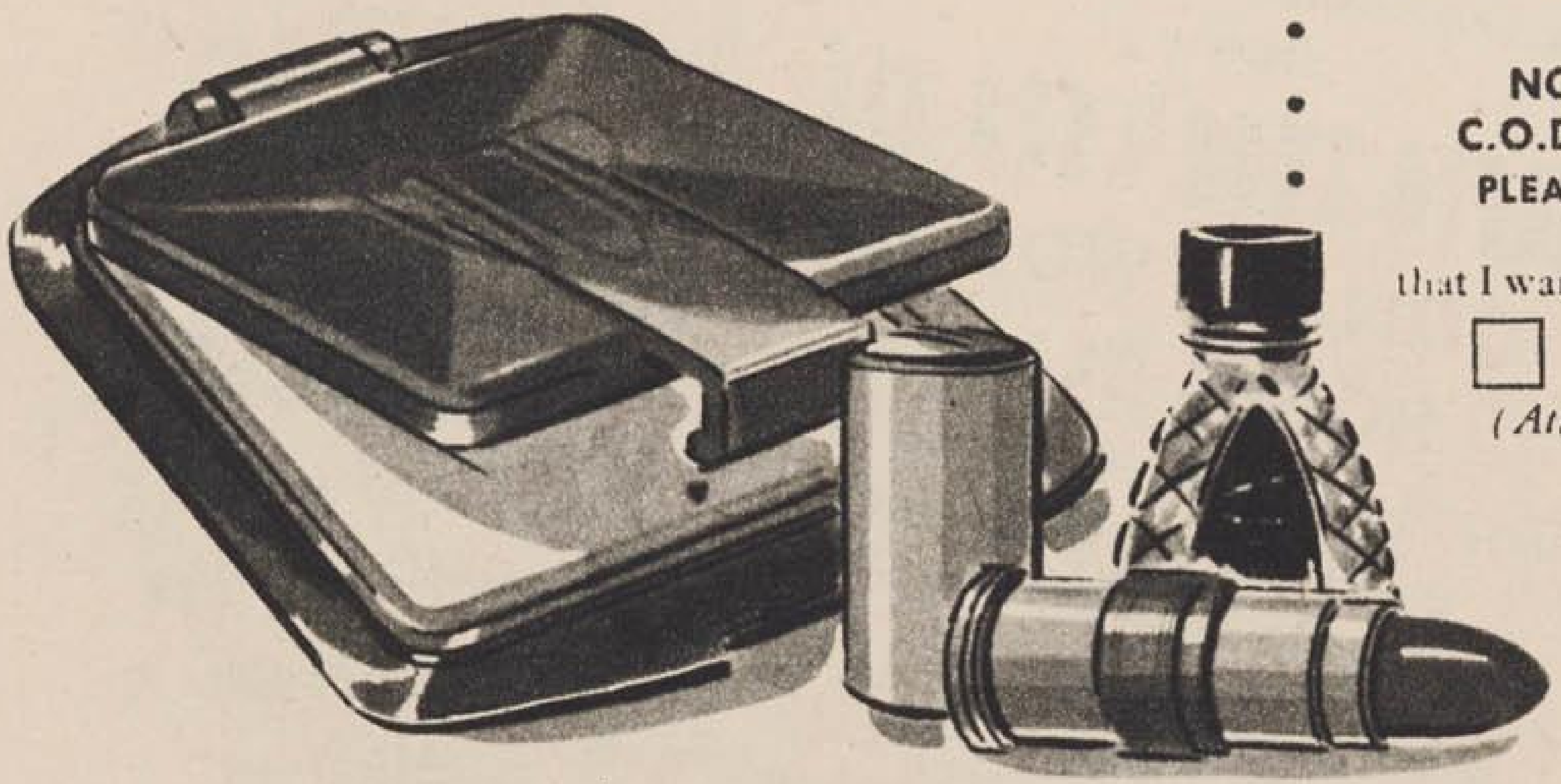
City........................ (......) State.............

My choice of compact color is:

☐ Red ☐ Blue
☐ Pink ☐ Aqua

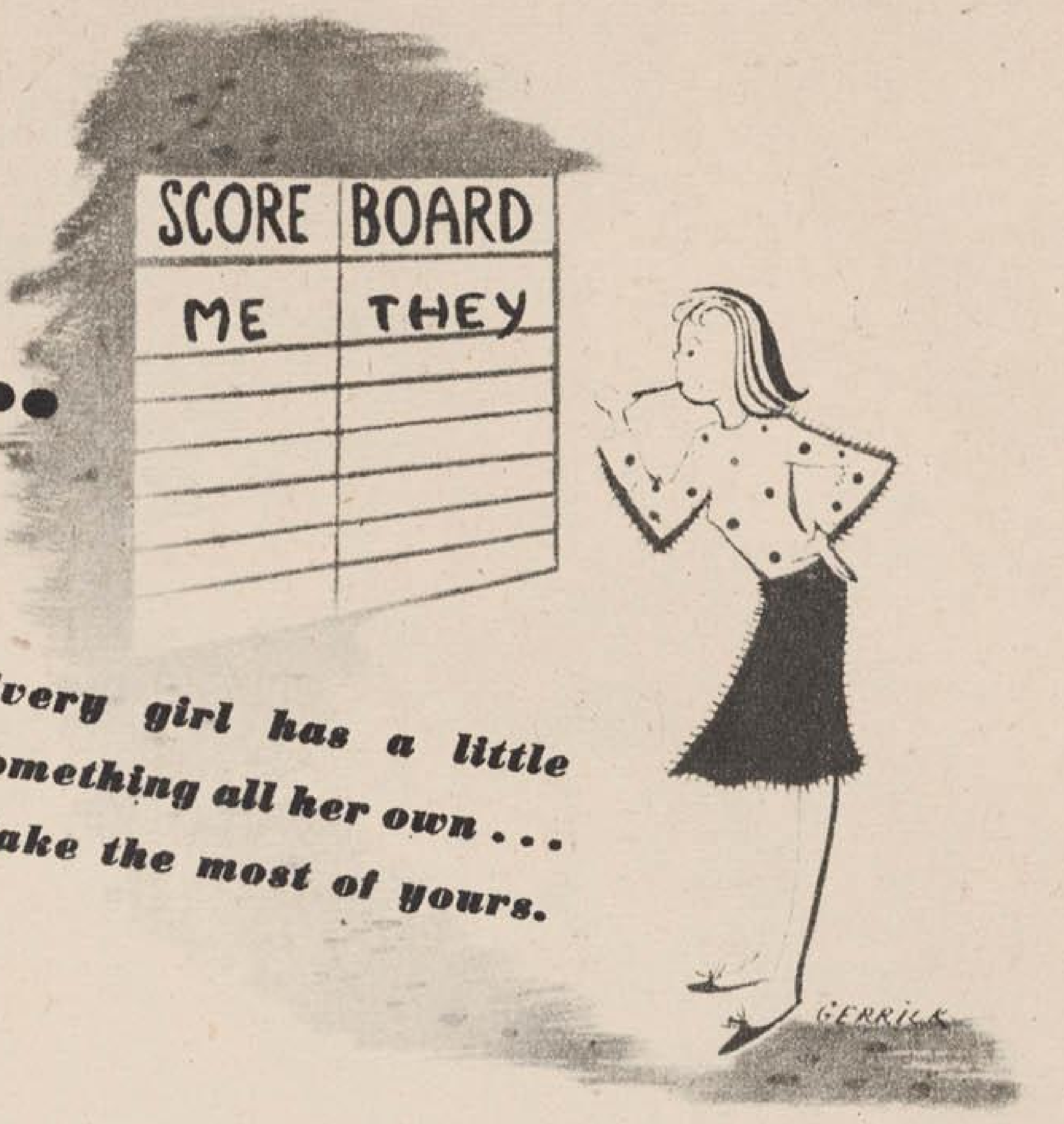
My choice of lipstick shade is:

☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
☐ Rare Orchid
☐ Tropic (med. dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dk.)



it's all in the MIND...

by riki kremer



Every girl has a little something all her own . . . Make the most of yours.

TO HAVE OR HAVE NOT . .

. . . a new dress for the junior dance and you don't see why not. Susan has just shown you the smooth creation she's going to be wrapped in. Pearl is spreading the glad word about a peach and blue affair she saw in Carlton's and don't anybody snatch it before she can get there! What's the matter with you that destiny puts you in the back seat whenever it comes to a little thing that takes money, you want to know.

In the first place, if you add up the score right, you'll see you have a lot of things they haven't got. Perhaps, despite her station in life, Susan wishes secretly her family were more of a family than a social mold, leaving little time for understanding and informality. Pearl has probably told you time and again how she'd give anything to have your naturally curly hair, or your peachy complexion or your way with a mathematical problem.

All right, so you're ahead on the score board. But you still can't go to the dance in last year's navy blue. What to do! First, if there's time enough, you can get a part time job until *The Dress* is hanging in your closet. If *Der Tag* is only a few days off and there's money for a few yards of material, prod your mother or your Aunt Jane, who is handy with the sewing machine, into action. That way you can waltz away with an original creation in your favorite color combination.

If, however, you're down to your last sixty cents, last year's navy wool can still be the basis for staggering the stag line. Invest in some contrasting ribbon and a little imagination. Shorten the sleeves and sew a colored bow over each. Or set three rows of narrow ribbon, two inches apart along the bottom of the skirt. Or pull it through the front of the bodice criss-cross peasant style. In any case it will take a Sherlock eye to recognize it as the same thing you wore to most of last year's events—if you redecorate with good taste and stitch with care.

HE'S BACK!
...in the most human heart-warming picture in years.

"The Return Of RIN TIN TIN"

starring
RIN TIN TIN III
DONALD WOODS
BOBBY BLAKE
Gaylord Pendleton • Claudia Drake
Directed by Max Nosseck
Produced by William Stephens
Released through
The New P. R. C.

Filmed in all the GORGEOUS COLOR of the valley of the California Missions

FLASHES from MAC . . .

OUR star rises higher and higher! Latest tallying shows well over 2500 chapters of MAC all over the United States and Canada—and there's one in Hawaii too. Seems that old MAC's contagious, in a nice way. . . . We're adding chapter addresses to the Pen Pal section of each monthly MAC bulletin so that you gals can get together via mail.

Members who welcome extra money for spring wardrobes are those lucky cash prize winners of the Teen Hand Arts Competitions that came to a jubilant conclusion late last year at the Women's International Exposition. The Fairfame Ruffling division winners were: Mary Kienzle of Pennsylvania, Sally Walker of Florida, and Joan Robin of North Carolina. The Wesco-MISS AMERICA National Sewing Contest was a goldmine for Mary Wong of California, June Wright of New York, and Marguerite A. Ward of Long Island. Other winners carried off honor certificates and subscriptions to MISS AMERICA Magazine. Entries, displayed at the Exposition, were real admiration-getters. Congratulations, all!

We here at Headquarters are still basking in the congratulations we got for the MISS AMERICA carousel booth at the Exposition. Round and round it went, bearing a bright array of fashion and beauty items from the very best teen manufacturers. Lots of MISS AMERICA readers (many of them MAC members from 'way back) met each other right there—and that colorful carousel was a favorite with the teen-age sons and daughters of United Nations personnel too.

Attention! The April issue of MISS AMERICA Magazine, on sale early in March, is going to be a "contest special" with opportunities for all. We can't think of a single popular teen hobby that won't be utilized in one division or another of this contest series. And wait till you read about the prizes that we and our manufacturer co-sponsors have dreamed up. . . . Next month will bring you full entry rules and directions.

Next month, too, we'll announce the winners in the "additional members" contest. Don't forget, all of you, whether your chapter is old, new, or just forming, to keep MAC headquarters fully informed about your membership, your plans, yourselves. Keep the records straight with Aileen Fogarty, Vice-Chairman, MISS AMERICA Club, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

$$$$ CONTESTS . . . PRIZES . . . GALORE . . . FUN . . . COMING . . . CONTESTS $$$$

Next month, eager contestants, comes your big chance, the talent test supreme for every kind of hobby.

Are you a cooking cooky? An eager beaver with the paint pot? A sewing Sue who turns a fine seam? A knittin' kitten? A whiz at the biz of designing? Well, the news is terrif. . . . Nothing like it ever before!

Many big business corporations, who make and sell foods, cameras, yarns, fabric, and many other products, have jumped in on the contest bandwagon and with the April issue are offering something for every MISS AMERICA.

So watch for the big contest section in April Miss America!

...for a s-m-o-o-t-h complexion let Noxzema nurse Your Skin

YOU want skin lovely to look at smooth to touch! Every girl does! Do as thousands of nurses do! Use greaseless, medicated Noxzema Skin Cream before going to bed and as a long-lasting powder base. See how this famous beauty aid can help make *your* skin rate whistles.

NURSES were among the first to find that Noxzema helps heal bothersome externally-caused blemishes - soothes and smooths rough dry skin. Today it's used by thousands and thousands. *A recent survey shows that 4 out of 5 attractive, professional models and 8 out of 10 glamorous Broadway beauties interviewed use Noxzema!* So take this beauty tip from them. Use it *regularly* as an aid to skin you can be proud of.

for Lovelier Legs

If you skip stockings and get chapped legs and ankles, just smooth on soothing Noxzema. See how it softens red, rough skin quickly helps heal sore, unattractive chapping.

Over 20,000,000 jars bought yearly. Get *your* jar of Noxzema today!

NOXZEMA

At all drug counters

10¢, 35¢, 50¢, plus tax

GLORIA JEAN
popular young singing starlet

For Your Hair
SPRING FRESHNESS
the year 'round...

Daintily Soft... Swiftly Cleansing
...with **Blended** *Vegetable Oils*

Do as thousands have done—*test* GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo this easy, interesting way! Be convinced that it's quicker, easier . . . and so satisfying!

No other shampoo can claim more natural-looking beauty for your hair, more lustrous sheen, smarter radiance and sparkle, than GLO-VER. Contains cleansing agents made from *blended* vegetable oils. Rinses out easily, *instantly!* Not a trace of unsightly film! Removes loose dandruff—and, best of all, leaves your scalp so *clean*, your hair soft as springtime and amazingly manageable! Ask for GLO-VER at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today—or mail the Coupon.

GLO-VER
SHAMPOO

FREE TRIAL SIZE

Includes GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—one application of each—with easy directions for famous Glover's 3-Way Treatment and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of the Hair."

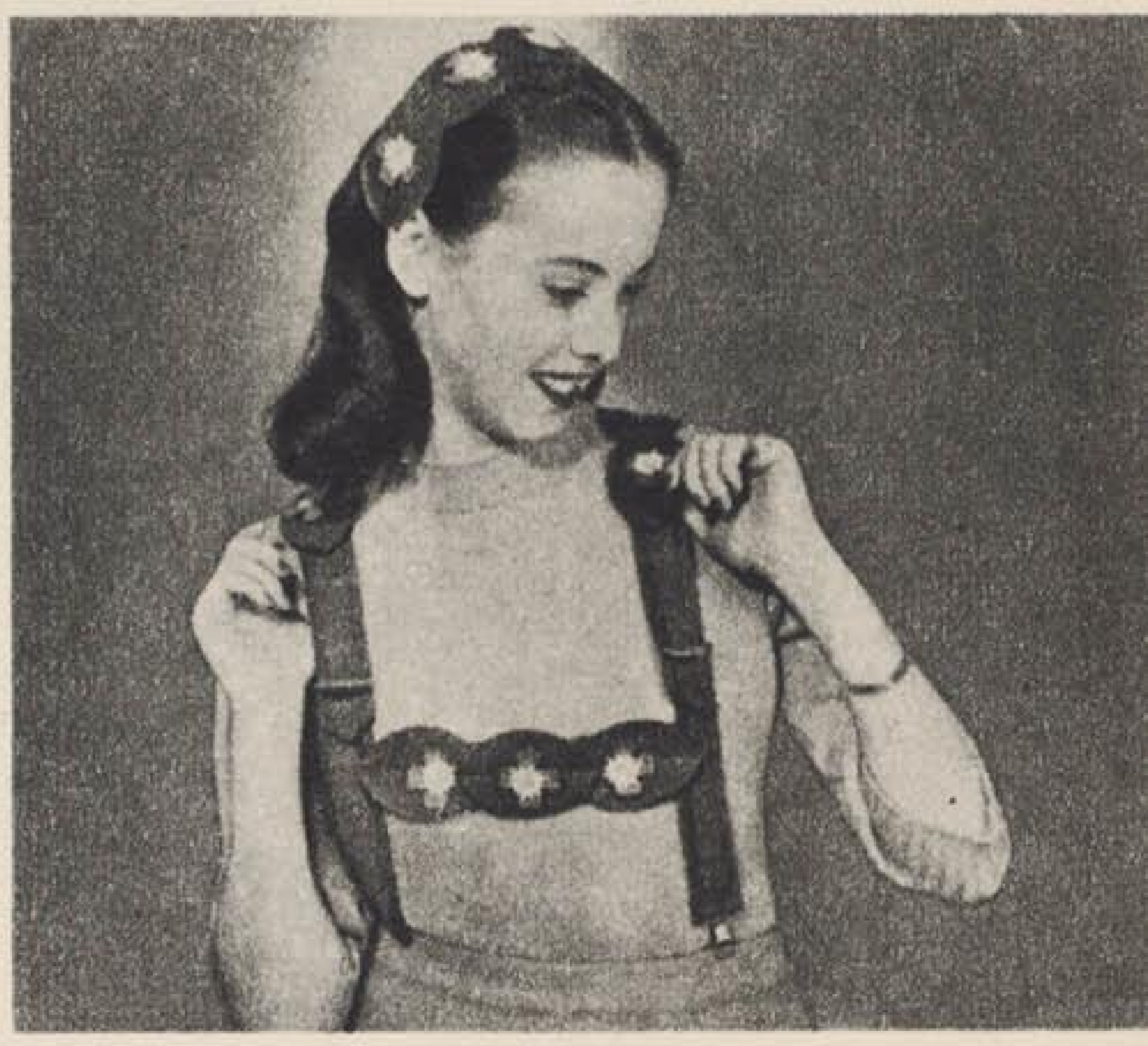
Your Hair will be Lovelier with
GLO-VER
Beauty Shampoo

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 233, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

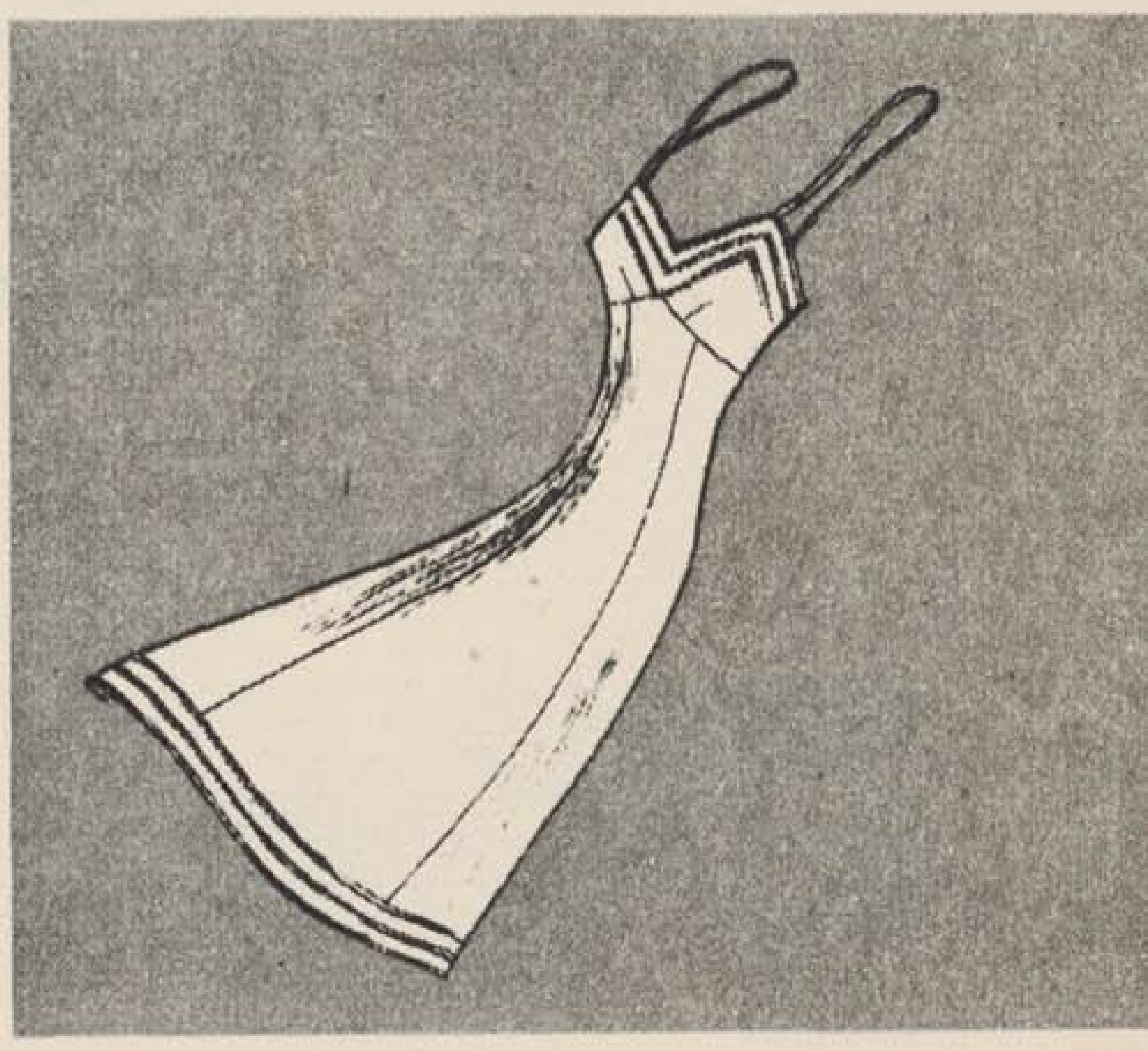
Name..
Please print plainly
Address..
City........................*Zone*......*State*..............

Shopping



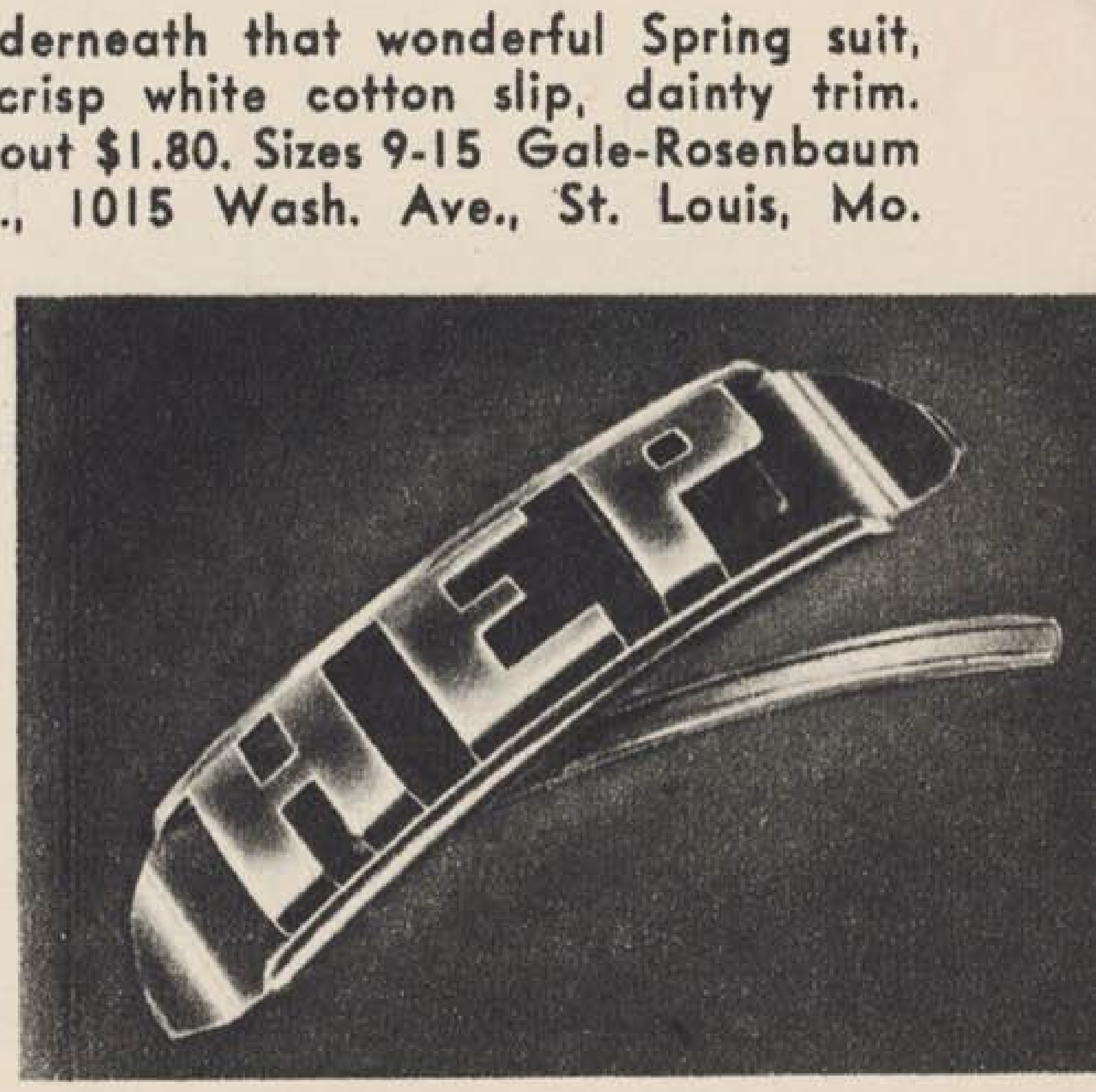
SET FOR SPRING

Flower flattery for hair and blouse in colorful felt. Suspenders for skirt or slacks. About $1.70; head-band about $1. Nuday Creations, 2 West 32 St., N. Y. C.



TRIM SLIP

Underneath that wonderful Spring suit, a crisp white cotton slip, dainty trim. About $1.80. Sizes 9-15 Gale-Rosenbaum Co., 1015 Wash. Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



HAIR INITIALS

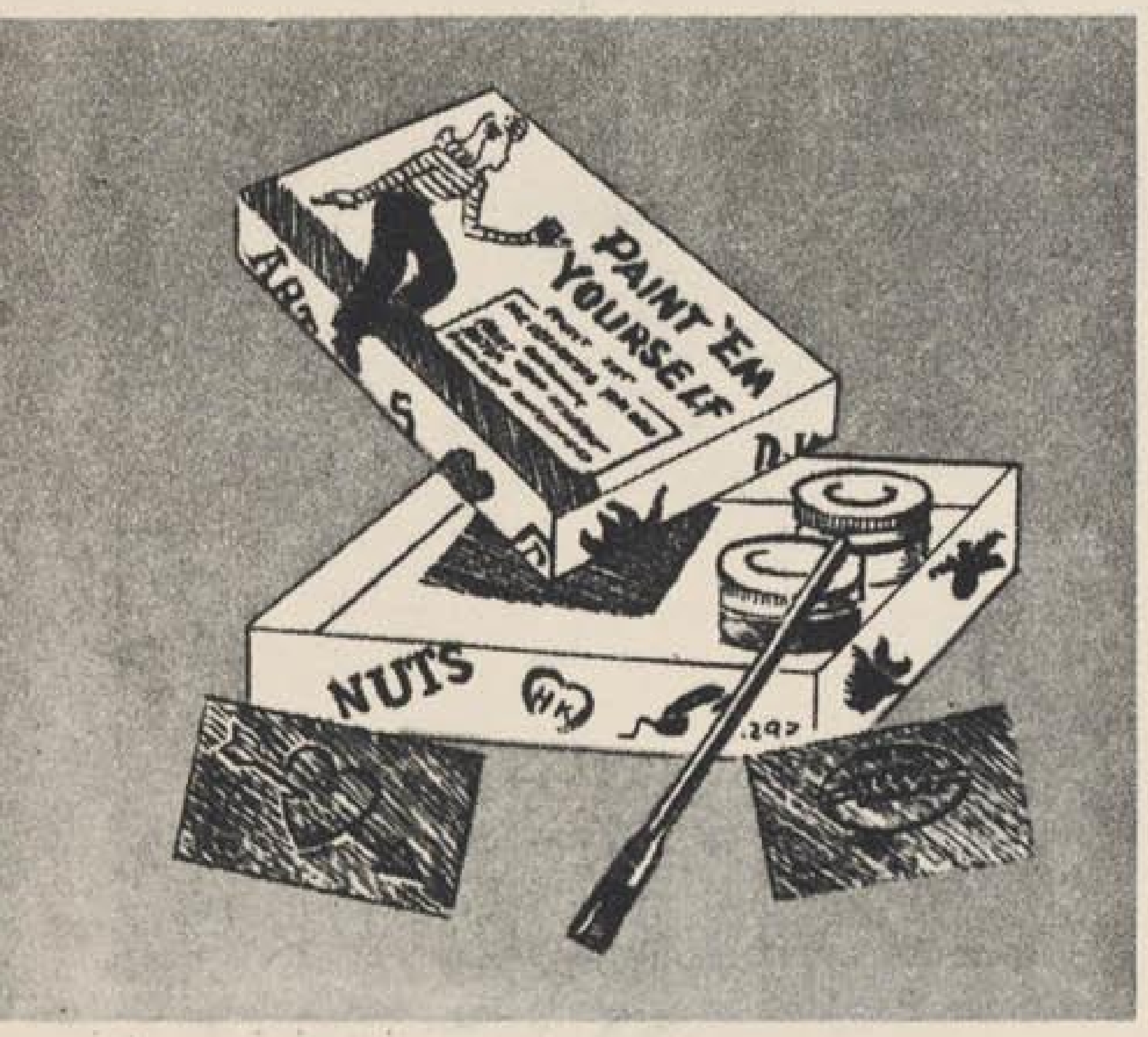
To keep those stray hairs back, to brighten any hair-do. Barette in six striking colors, stainless steel initials. 50c*. Kel Co., 500 N. Roberts St., St. Paul, Minn.

* Plus tax. Write directly to manufacturer for store nearest your city.

Notes . . .

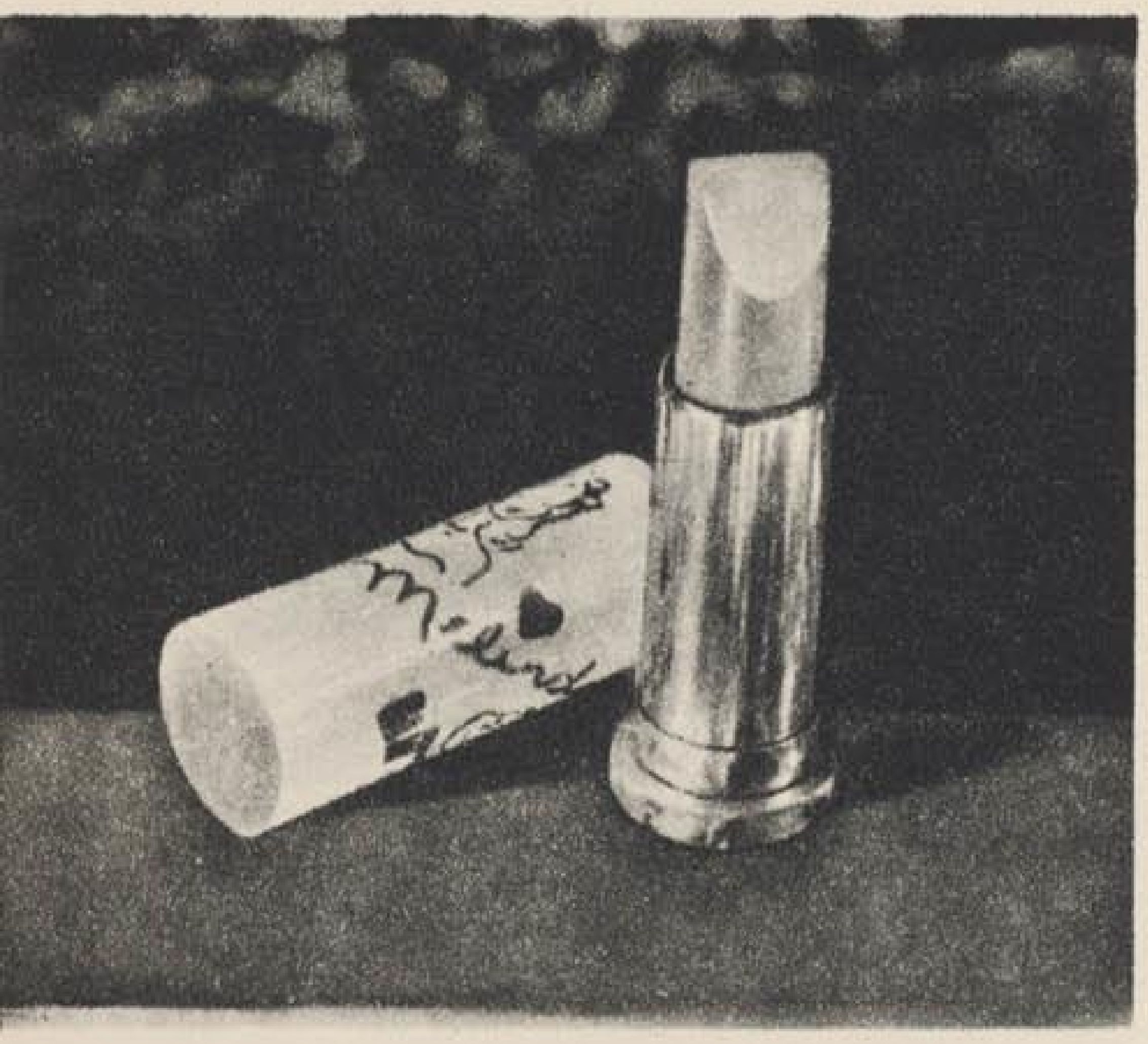
JIVEY JEANS

A gay, new idea. Paint your jeans with your favorite jive talk. Simple with stencils, brush, paint. Washable! Box about $1. Turco, 4024 Easton, St. Louis, Mo.



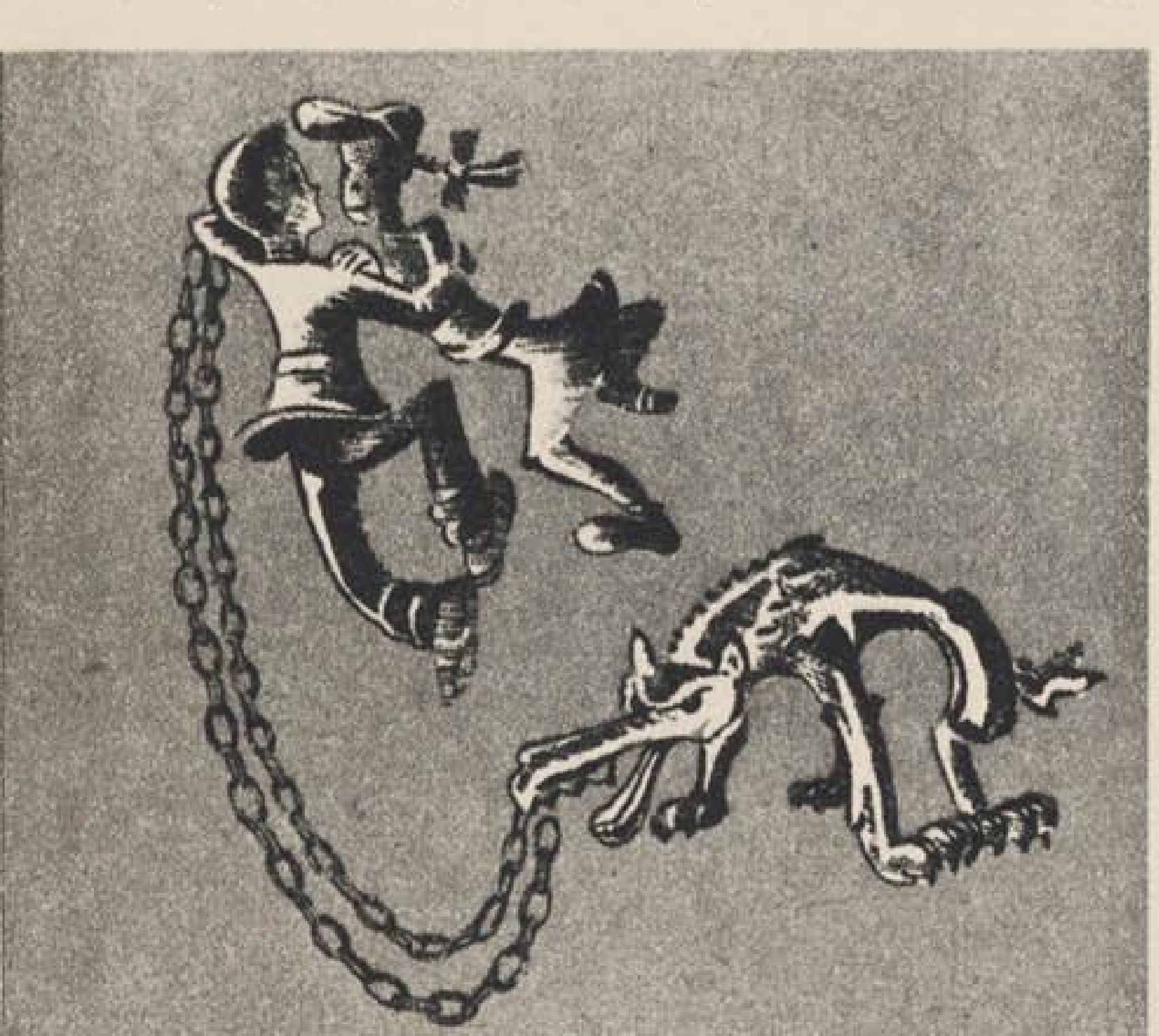
BEAUTY DELIGHT

You and your beaux, enticingly sketched on Melinda's new lipstick case. "School," "Play," and "Date" shades. $1*. Helene Pessl, 785 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



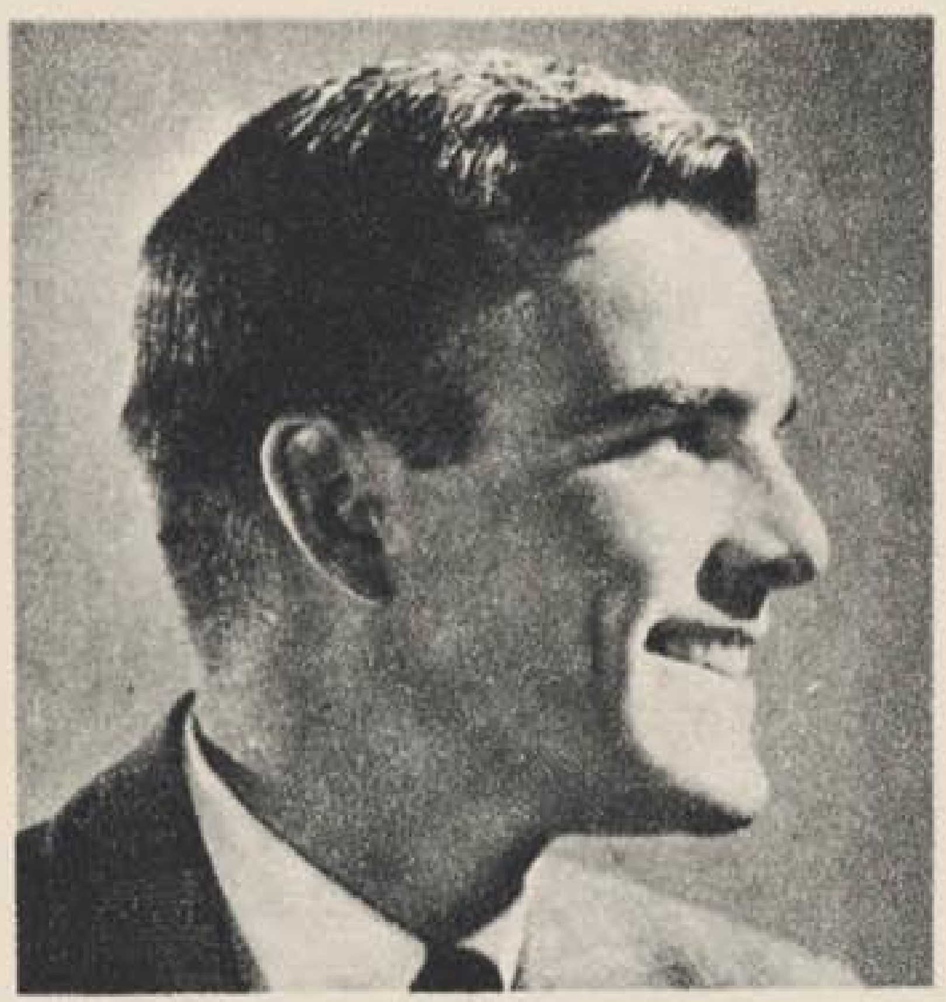
SWINGING ON A SUIT

Let's dance, hep-cats . . . let the wolf howl as he may! A chatelaine brightens any outfit. In pink, silver, or gold finishes. $1.95*. Alpha-Craft, 303 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



Take it from

THE BOYS



Buzz. Blue-eyed, blond. Terrific. Lightning on a basket ball court, smooth as cream on the dance floor. Goes for hot discs, blondes, brunettes, weinies and mustard.

You can quote me, says Buzz. I like a girl who's fun to be with but doesn't work too hard at it. Talkative but not squawkative. And something super in the way of scenery so when we go places together all the other guys start wearing that strictly from hunger look. *Don't quote me,* says Buzz, but I like a girl who keeps me guessing!

Just don't forget, says Buzz, that while a fellow goes for smooth packaging he'll skip the when-do-I-see-you-again routine if you skip the stay-sweet-to-be-near part of your grooming. It's smart to guard against unlovely perspiration odor and stains by making a habit of ARRID. So remember — if you want to get around, get ARRID. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively . . . yet so safely.

Only ARRID Gives You This Unequalled 3-Way Protection

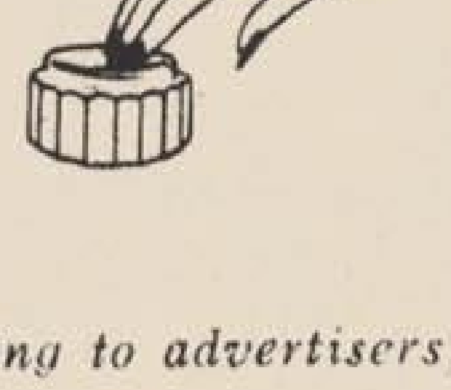
1. Arrid really protects you from offending others. No other deodorant, only Arrid, stops perspiration and odor so effectively yet so safely.

2. Arrid really protects your clothes. Stops perspiration, so prevents stains. Awarded American Institute of Laundering Seal "Harmless to Fabrics."

3. Arrid is really safe for your skin. Arrid is non-irritating, report leading skin specialists. Used by many doctors and nurses. Antiseptic. Gentle.

39¢ *plus tax.* Also 10¢ and 59¢

Arrid is used by more men and women than any other deodorant.



New Improved **ARRID**

Sophocles was her pin-up

by michele small

MRS. BORDEN walked briskly across the room and raised the shade. A flood of morning sunlight fashioned a bright rectangle which fell across the bed revealing two heads. One head was that of Mrs. Borden's daughter, Booksie, and was crowned with raven-black hair which spread across the pillow to frame a young and remarkably drowsy face.

The other head was a plaster-of-Paris version of Greek sculpture and portrayed the features of the poet, Sophocles, looking down upon Booksie with some severity.

Mrs. Borden regarded her child fondly for a moment or two and called softly, "Booksie! Booksie! Time to get up!"

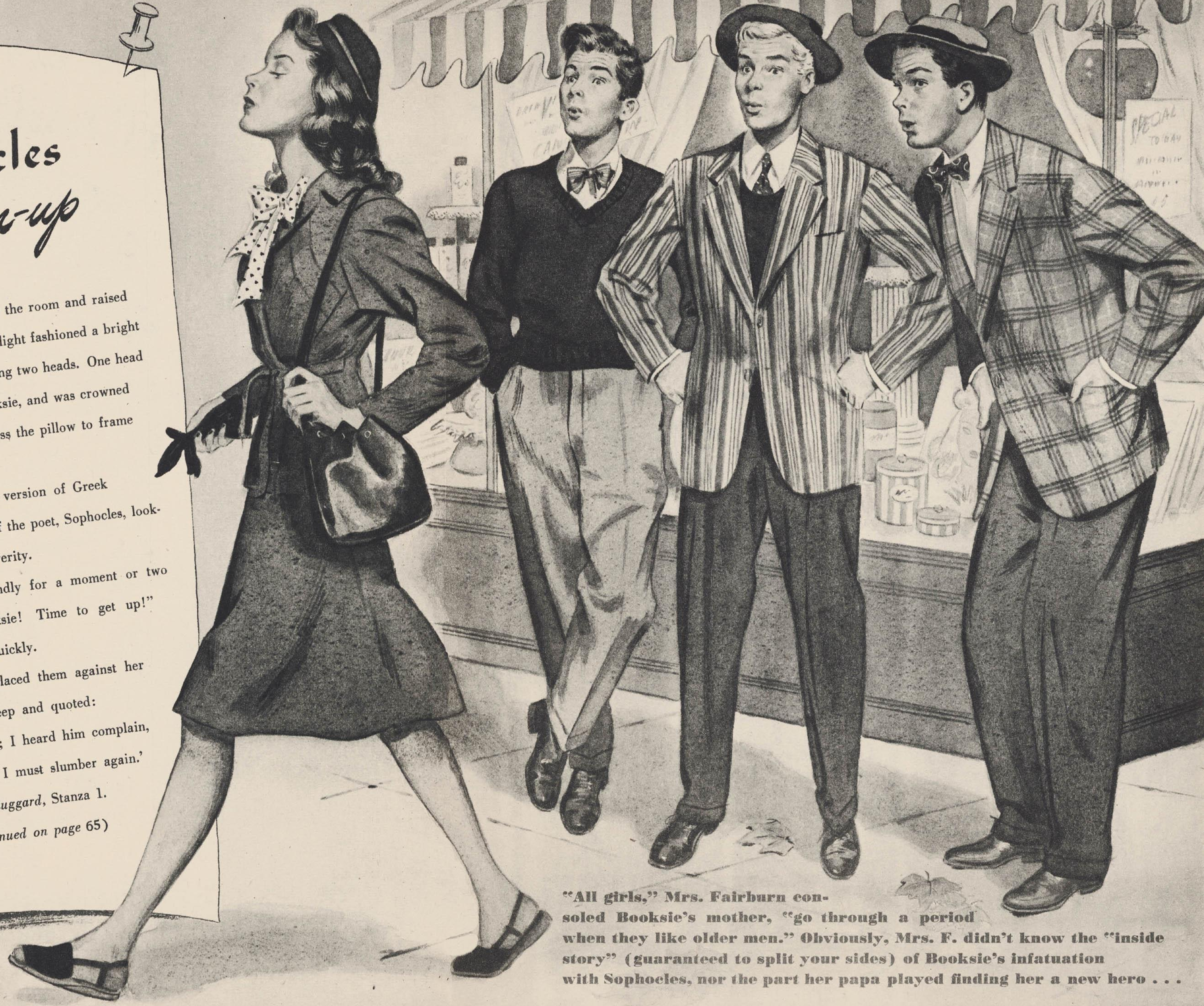
Booksie opened one eye, closed it quickly.

Mrs. Borden clasped her hands, placed them against her cheek in the posture indicating sleep and quoted:

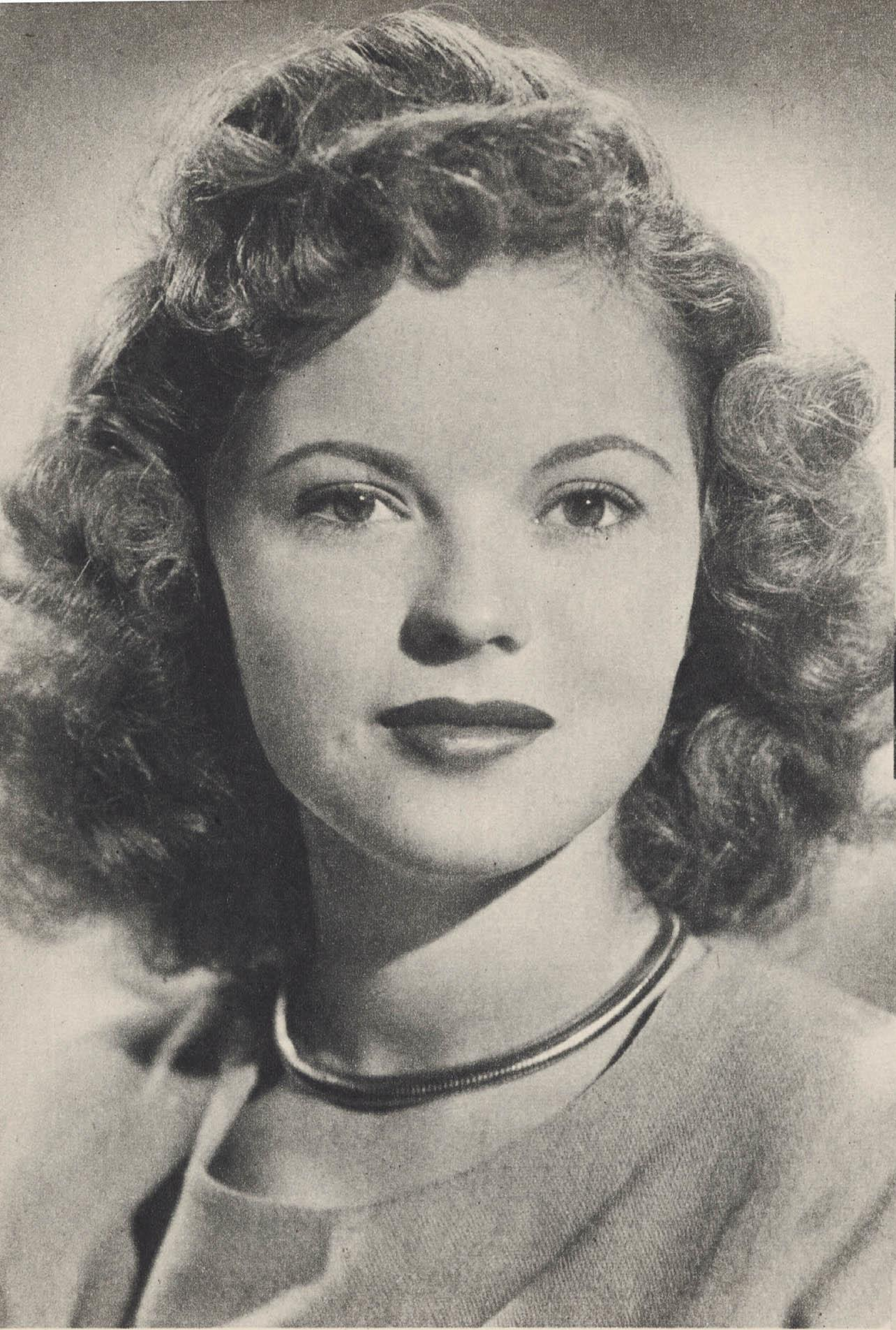
"'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
'You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again.'

That's from Isaac Watts, *The Sluggard*, Stanza 1. Watts was born in 1674, (*Continued on page* 65)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER



"All girls," Mrs. Fairburn consoled Booksie's mother, "go through a period when they like older men." Obviously, Mrs. F. didn't know the "inside story" (guaranteed to split your sides) of Booksie's infatuation with Sophocles, nor the part her papa played finding her a new hero . . .



how to handle *CRUSHES*...

Your favorite teen-ager, brilliant, beautiful Shirley Temple, tackles a subject of vital concern . . . Wonderful is the word for the star's straight-forward, sound views on crushes . . .

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Teen-agers throughout the country are known for their hero worship. But if you asked nine out of ten girls in their teens whom they considered the best representative of their age, they'd say, "Shirley Temple!" Not even her marriage to John Agar has changed their conception of Shirley as the top example of their group.*

Because of this and the fact that Shirley gets so much mail asking for advice on problems of the heart, she seemed the logical person to talk about a subject experienced by every girl at one time or another—the searing matter of crushes; their cause, their effect, their cure . . .

Shirley isn't one to talk without thinking first; she never rattles off remarks merely for the sake of chatting. As a result, her views are always very sound and wise.)

I'VE always liked to talk about crushes. It's something all of us (girls) have in common. I had a terrific one when I was 12. The boy wasn't in pictures, but I thought he was wonderful. The "great passion" lasted for two weeks, ending abruptly when he went away to school. However, before that when I was ten, I did have quite a crush on Charles Laughton. (This is probably the first time he knows of it.) I saw him in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and I felt so sorry for him. Maternal instinct, I guess.

All this may seem a light-hearted approach to anything as serious as crushes, and to all young girls they *are* very serious. But I think they're valuable in your life because they prepare you for the marriage you all dream about. It's necessary for a girl to know many fellows, so she'll be better able to compare their different qualities and find the one boy who has most of the characteristics she considers important. I don't believe in marrying the first boy with whom you go out.

Crushes do make a girl grow up, but how fast and how well she grows, depends on the individual. In my case, when I was 13 I had a crush on a boy if he was a good dancer. The next year I found that dancing didn't *(Continued on page* **58**)

by Shirley Temple

Mr. and Mrs. is the name! The John Agars smile happily (not hard for them) when hubby visited the scene of RKO's "The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer."

Shirley and Guy Madison together again after "Since You Went Away," in RKO's "Honeymoon," should set a new high in teen screen entertainment.

Shirley earnestly plays a scene with suave Franchot Tone, also starring in "Honeymoon," a happy romantic movie of runaway marriage in Mexico City.

Louise Altson

Dottie hooked the wicker basket over her arm and stopped near Johnny. "How about lending a strong right arm?" she grinned.

Reluctant ROMEO

by ibbie bryan

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALTSON

WHISKING covers off counters that morning, Dottie Barman felt lovely, simply lovely, inside. The instant one tiny excitement bubble burst, another welled up to take its place. This was a special day. If Dottie hadn't known already, the sound of Johnny's tuneless whistling coming from the other side of the store would have told her. She cocked her blonde head to pick it out from the familiar Saturday morning store sounds—the clink of coins her father was counting into the cash register, the metallic click of can being stacked on can as Mr. Sargent went about his usual duties.

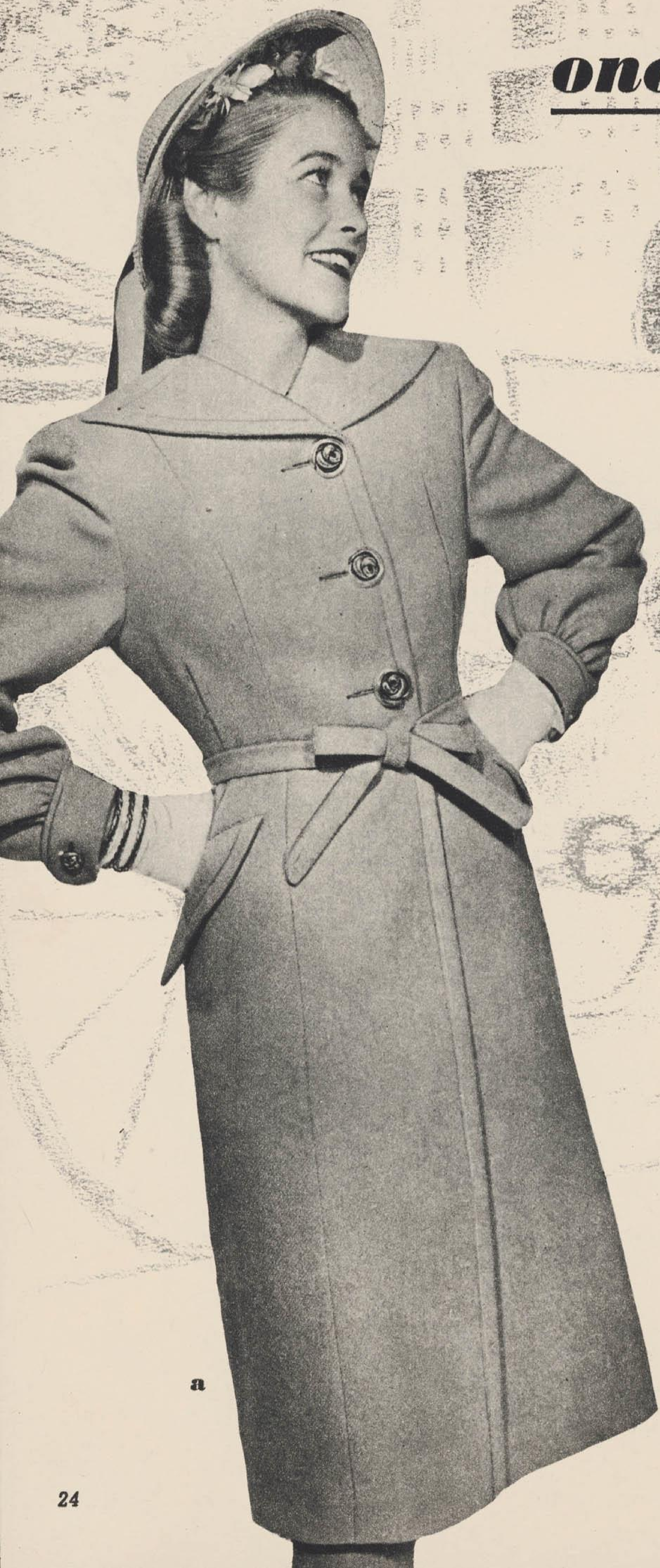
Dottie couldn't imagine why she hadn't thought of this months ago. She should have known it would take more than pretty clothes and bright remarks to impress a boy like Johnny Oldin. Johnny was different. Not a bit like the other boys in Senior High. He seemed older or *something*. Dottie couldn't quite put her finger on it. Hazel called him a snob. But he was nothing of the sort. Dottie didn't care if Hazel was her best friend—this was one time she was wrong!

Dottie set her pointed chin stubbornly as though she were still arguing with Hazel. She knew very well Hazel would remind her with "good friend" frankness, "He turned up his nose at your invitation to dinner." But that was just because he didn't want to get mixed up with a girl who thought of nothing but fun and good times. Just wait till he found out she was responsible for his new job! He'd see then that Dottie Barman was no bird-brain too wrapped up in her own affairs to see anyone else's problems.

Dottie had it all figured out. When the store closed at seven, she would catch Johnny as he was leaving. She'd ask him how he liked working for Bar- (*Continued on page* 68)

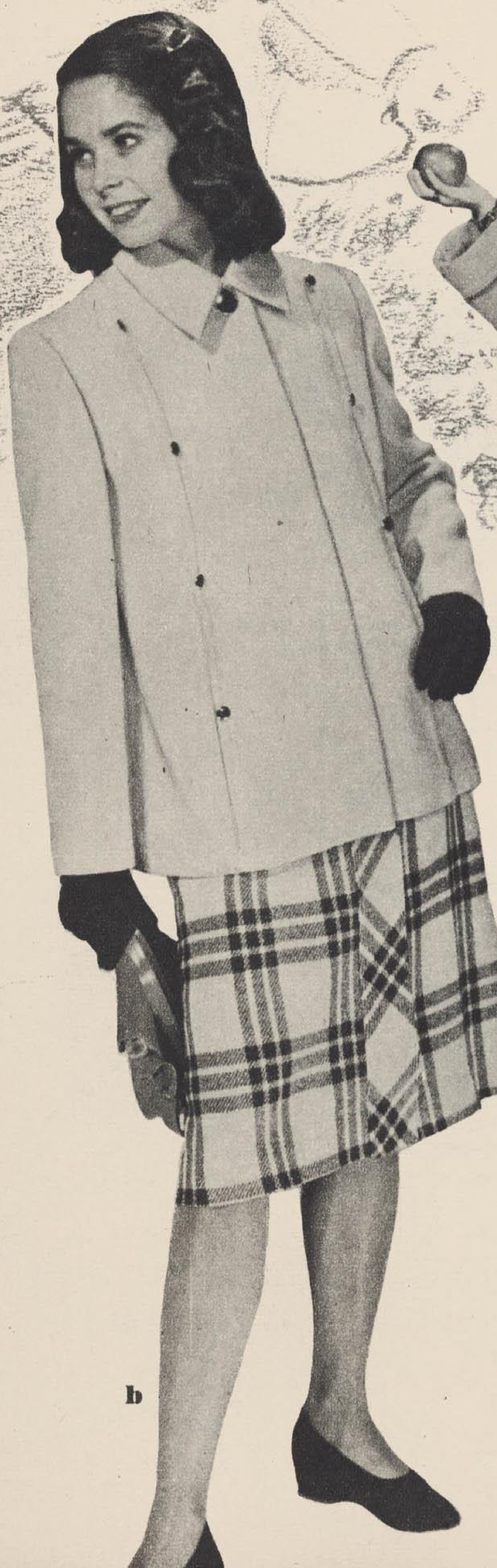
Johnny had red hair, a freckled-spattered face and a stupendously colossal indifference toward a certain young lady who thought—well, all she had to do was to crook her littlest finger and then Johnny would come a-running on the double . . . Mmm-mm A pleasant theory, all right, but . . .

once around the Park...



a

a Hail to the *young* season . . . in this bright and early fashion forecast. Graceful simplicity in every tailored line. By Barbara Coat Co. 10-16. $35. Saks-34th St., N. Y.; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati; May Co., Cleveland. Straw bonnet by Ann Portny.



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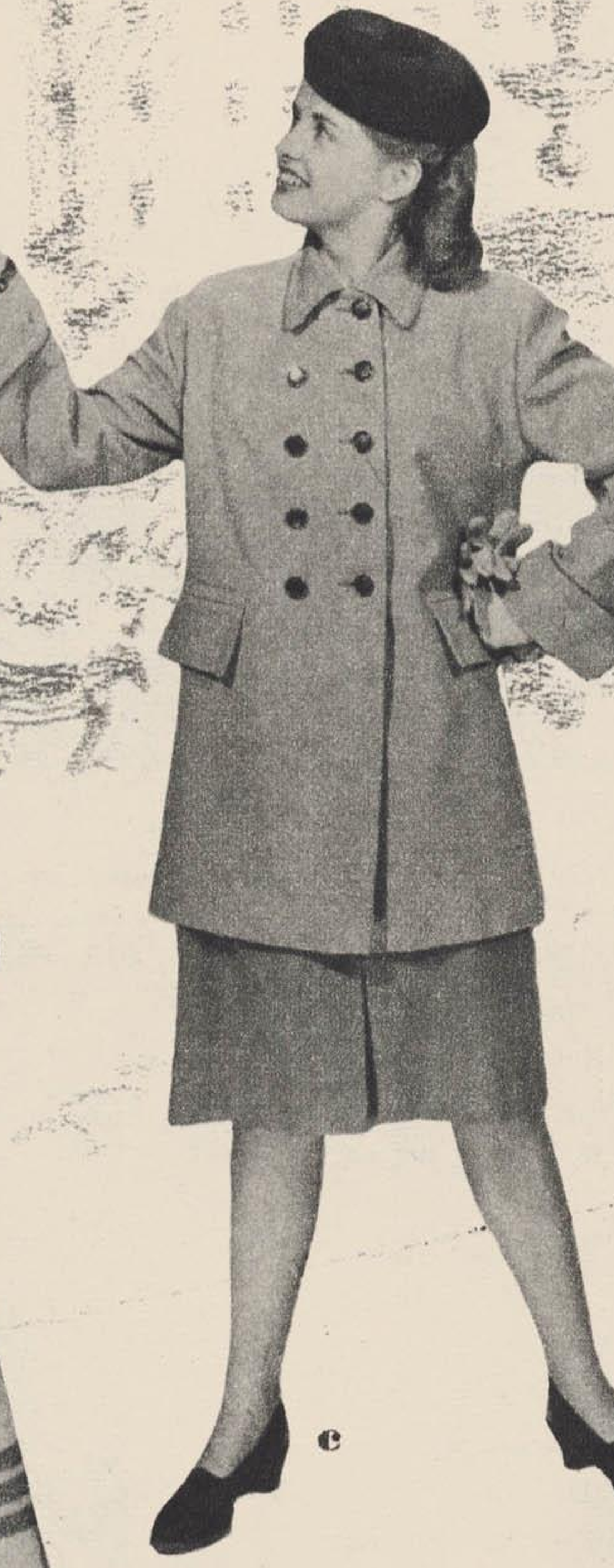

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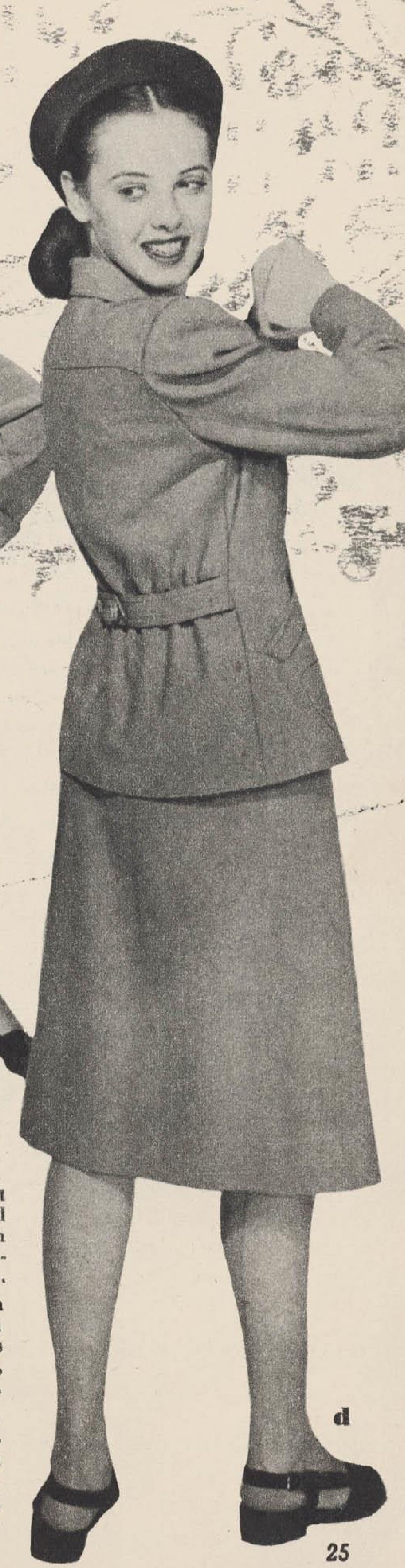


d

b To top it off! Sugar white coat with shiny buttons. $15. All wool white-ground plaid skirt. $8. Both by Derby Sportswear. 10-16. B. Altman, N. Y.; Jordan Marsh, Boston.

c Here's *your* spring topper . . . an all-around-the-towner. By Smithkin & Kleinman. 10-16. About $25. James McCreery, New York; Kaufman's, Pittsburgh; Ed. Schuster, Milwaukee.

d Suit-able for spring . . . it puts up just as good a front as back. Winthrop Mills wool flannel. By Dan Snyder. 10-16. About $33. Hecht Co., Wash., D. C.; Powers Dry Goods, Minneapolis; The Hub, Chicago.

my date with Rory Calhoun

Does he like swimming or samba-ing? Formals or picnics? Movies or motoring? This tall, dark, so-handsome Rory (flutter, flutter) Calhoun . . . We've asked cute Cathy Downs to give us the dreamboat date data . . .

by Cathy Downs

RORY Calhoun was playing the role of a fighter in "Nob Hill" when we were first introduced on the 20th Century-Fox lot. That was almost two years ago. Our friendship, however, didn't develop past the "hello" and "How are you" pleasantries, until we met again after Rory had been signed with David O. Selznick, and was studying both seriously and intently for his career. Before, I had had the feeling he was just in pictures for the fun of it. Another adventure, perhaps, as he later explained it to me.

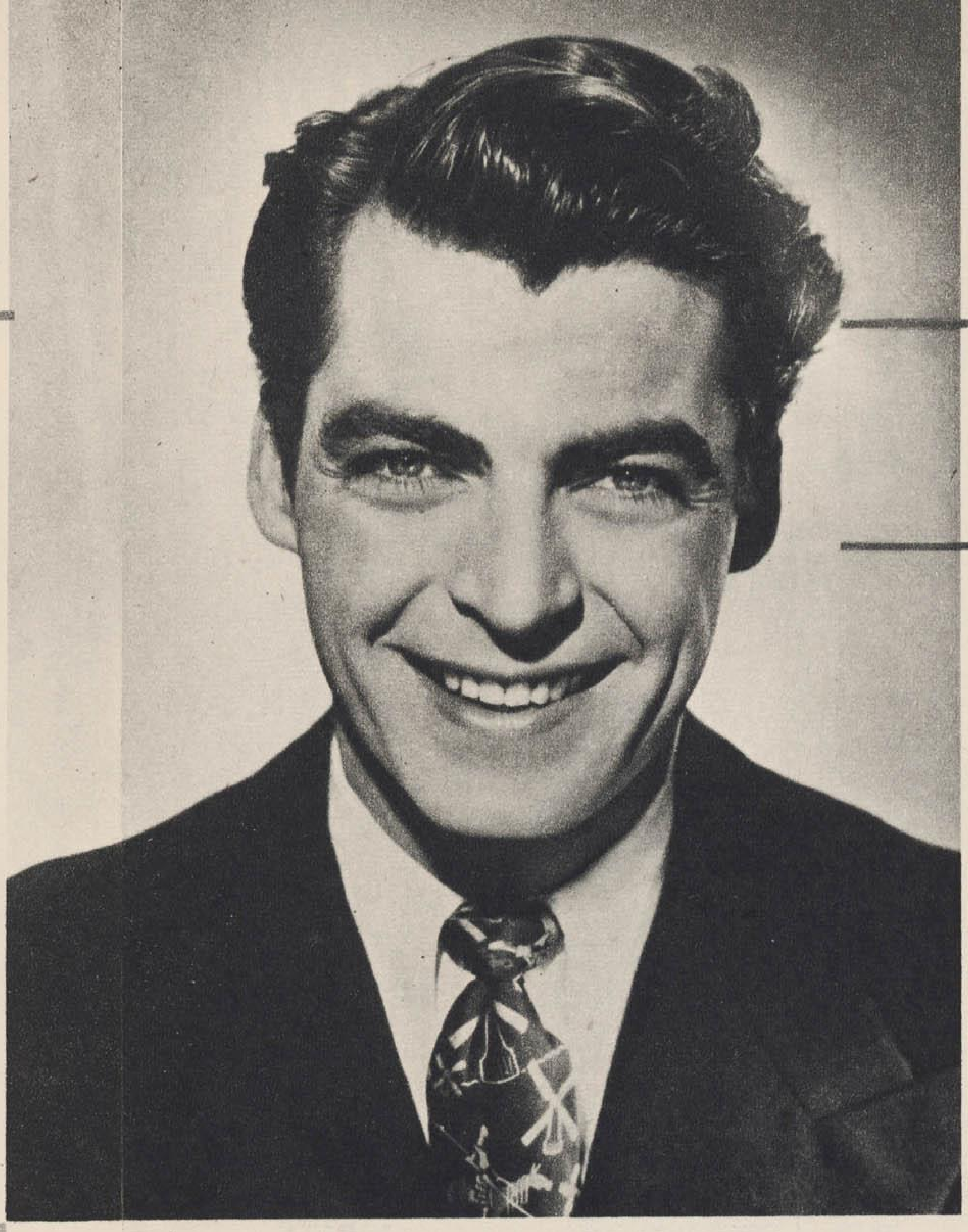
Our first date was prefaced with a telephone call, and we went to the "House of Murphy," where Rory said they had "steaks out of this world." Since we had no reservation we stood in line and waited. By the time our turn came for a table, Rory remarked that one steak would be a mere morsel to start on. Anyway we both agreed that steaks and green salads are prime favorites on our good foods lists.

"Call me 'Smoke' or 'Smokey'," Rory said later on the way to Ciro's. He didn't exactly explain why he is called 'Smoke' by his intimate friends, and was a little evasive in answering, but I rather gathered that the nickname might have something to do with his fire-fighting days. He was a lumberjack and a forest fire fighter before he entered pictures. He still carries a forest fire permit, just in case.

Dating Rory, as I now call him, is especially wonderful for a tall girl. He's six feet three and I can wear high heels and (*Continued on page* 62)

"Here, have a bite!" Rory thinks Cathy's *hors d'oeuvres* are delish and wants her opinion. She's in 20th Century-Fox' "My Darling Clementine".

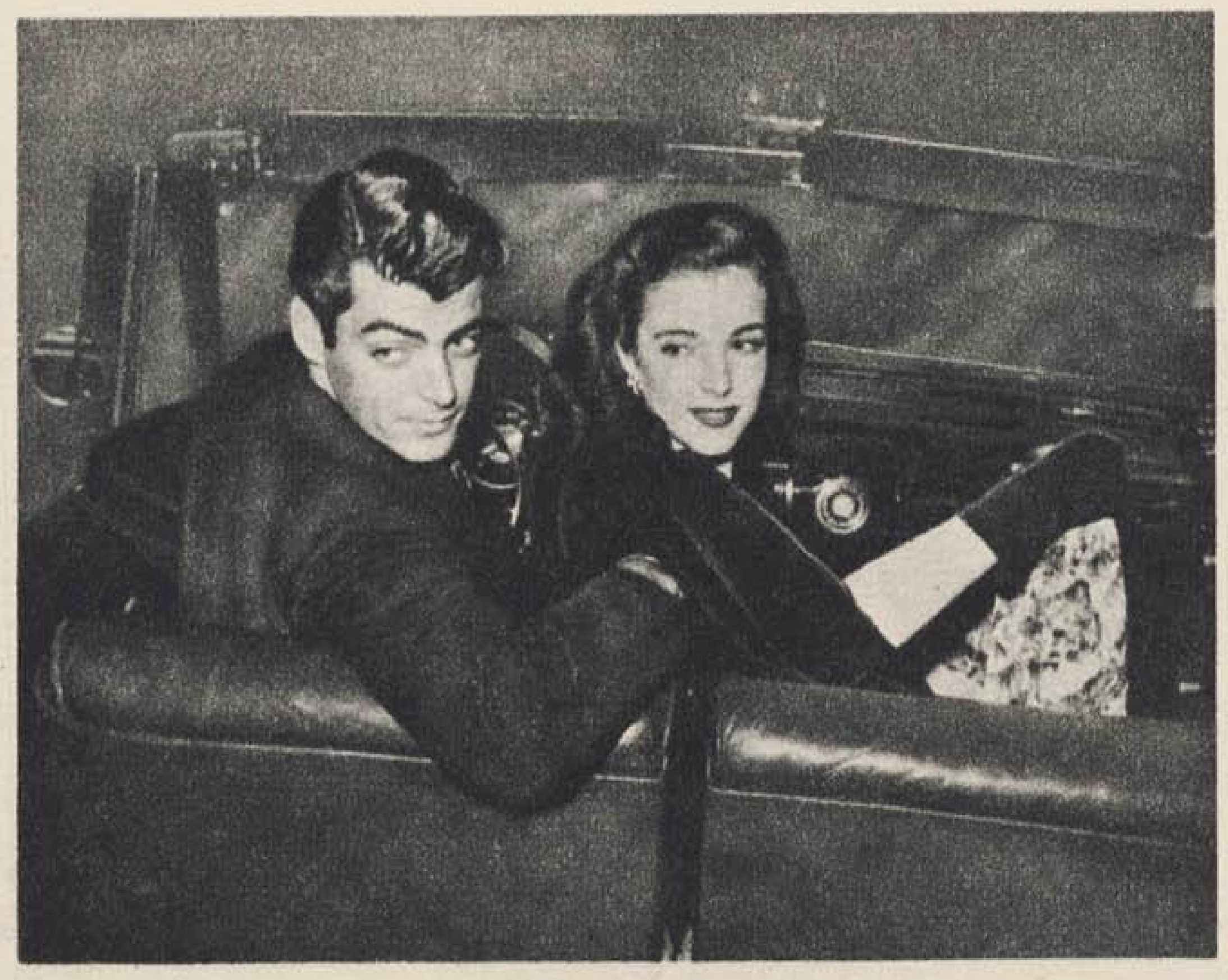
Just time for a few of Cathy's new records before the two step out for the evening to attend a premiere.



Oh, man! Dimples and all . . . there's plenty of the stuff that makes feminine hearts go flip-flop, here. His next is "The Red House" for United Artists.

Finally settled, the two rising thespians wait for the rising curtain at the premiere.

Gallant guy—Rory takes this business of tying Cathy's kerchief pretty seriously. No Scout knots now, Rory.



They're off! In one of Rory's proud possessions, his open-topped, leather-backed convertible. What a chauffeur!

OUTSIDE, *looking in*— INSIDE, *looking out*

Tuck 'em in—Wear 'em out! Take your choice!

a—Over it goes! Good company for your best belt is *Bonnie Lassie's* sweater-blouse with fitted waistline. About $6.

b—You win . . . all the time in this "Tic-Tac-Toe" short-sleever casually worn outside by *Featherknit*. About $3.

c—To go steady with your best suits, choose a "Pierrot" print by *Regina* of Chicago. About $7. B. Altman, New York.

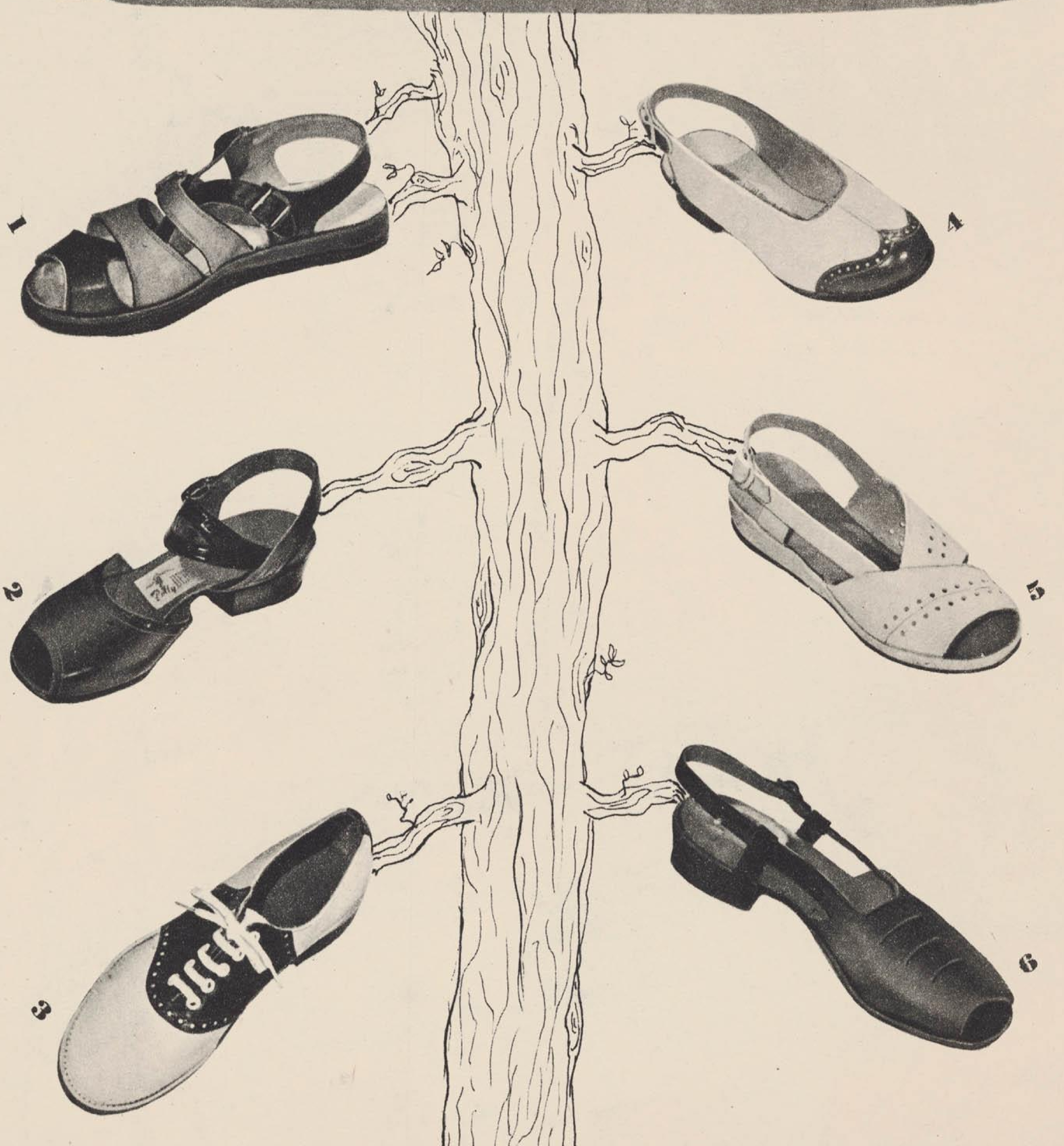
d—Nip-and-tuck your waistline in! Classic by *Tish-U-Knit*. About $4. Oppenheim Collins, N. Y., Kennard Pyle, Washington, D. C.

e—Bow-tied sweater blouse in nylon yarn, by *Peggy Parker*. About $6. Livingston Bros., San Francisco, Arnold Constable, New York.

f—Classic boxy always right for you, fitted neatly over skirts. Wear it with a slim belt for that new look. By *Select-Teens*. About $5.

g—Lead the parade in *Glengarry's* "drum majorette" jacquard. About $6.50. Macy's, N. Y., Mandel Bros., Chicago.

A shoe TREE GROWS IN ST. LOUIS...



1—Greek-like simplicity combines with modern age colors in this T-strap sandal by Joy-Teens. About $8. Lord & Taylor, New York, The May Co., Los Angeles.

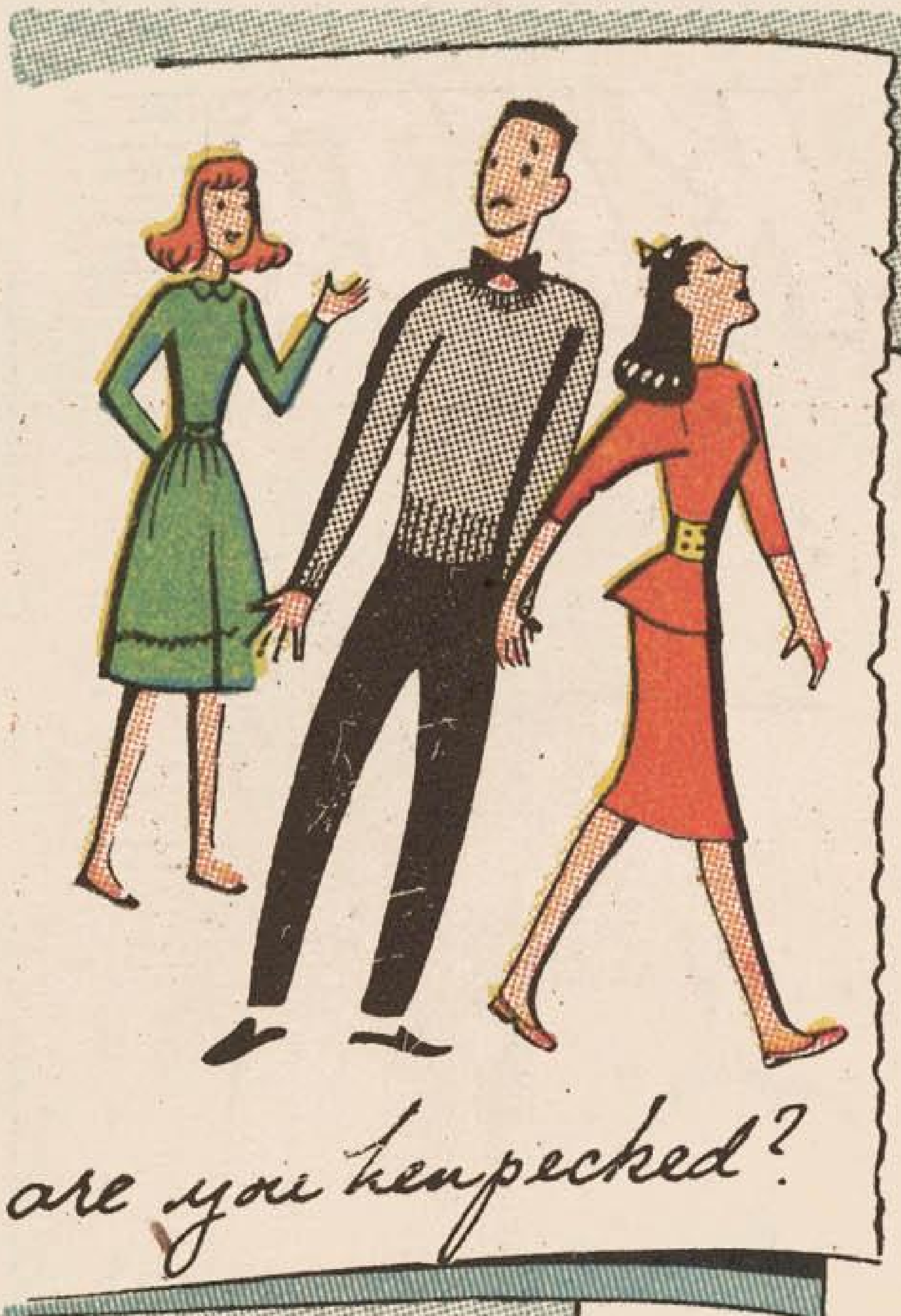
2—Foot *flat*-tery in dress up black patent or white calf ankle-strap . . . *Polly Debs* by Poll Parrot. About $7.

3—Old Faithfuls—your favorite brown and white saddles. *Red Goose.* About $8.

4—Another all-time favorite—brown *Weatherbird* sling spectator. About $7.

5—Fancy footwork by Buster Brown. About $6.50. At Denver Dry Goods, Denver; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans.

6—Step out in this openshank step-in! Suede or smooth leather. About $6. A "Connie" *Lo-Heeler* by Wohl. At Foley's, Houston; Kline's, St. Louis.



are you henpecked?

Vickie's version of what happened when a certain vampire tried to openly, wantonly, unladylike-ly snare Rusty—Vickie's most exclusive property . . .

VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Dear Betty Ann—

Aren't men just too terrible? Really I don't think I'll ever subject my heart to love. Of course, that depends -- depends on the future actions of one Mr. Rusty Bramwell, the Third.

Men are so naive or so innocent or so susceptible, or just so plain dumb when it comes to a conniving vampire like Darlene, that they don't know when they are being taken for a ride.

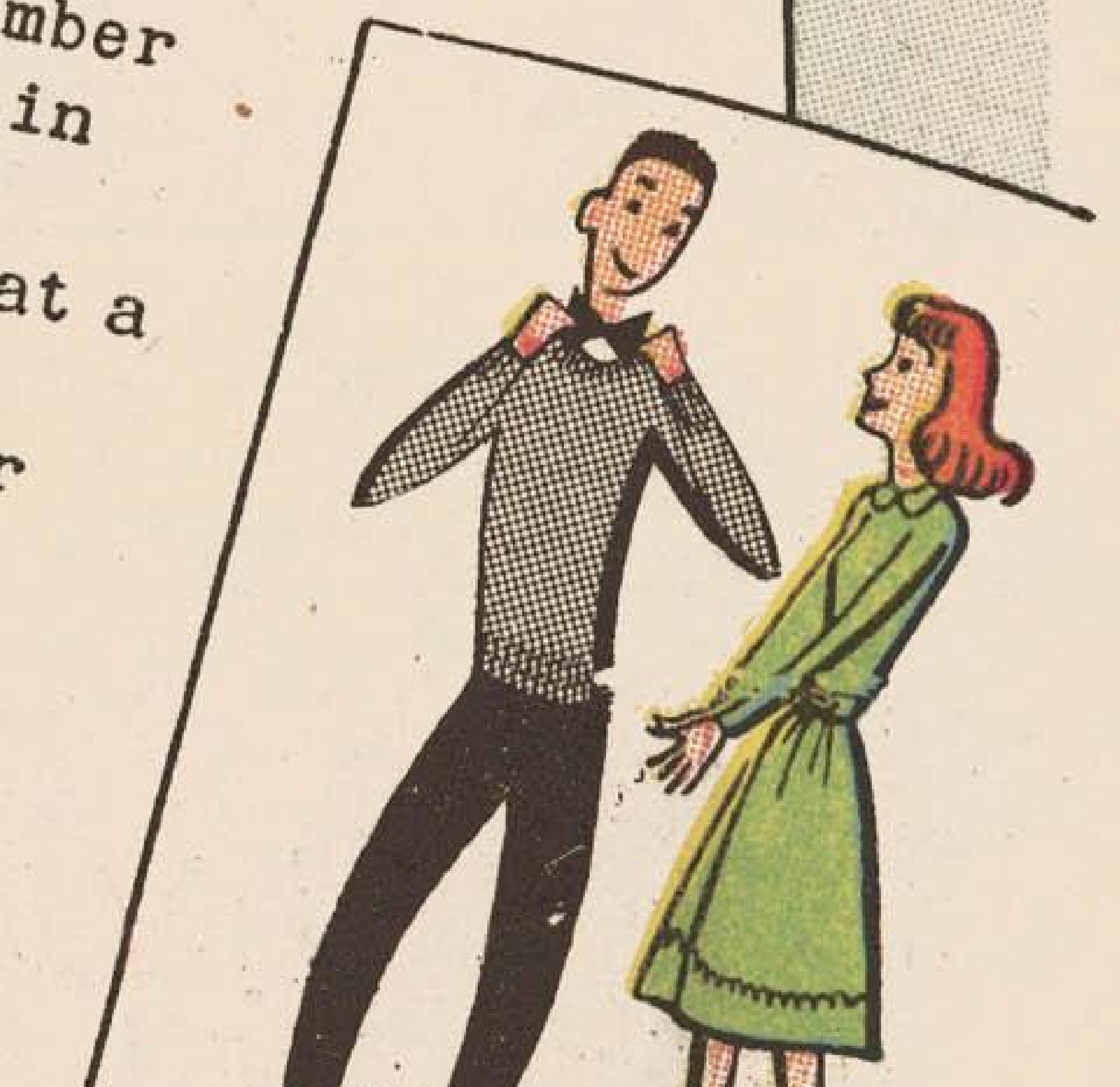
I saw it all with my own eyes, Betts. Which just proves that a girl can't trust another girl who isn't trustworthy when she sees a pair of slacks and broad shoulders walk by.

Honestly, I would die with shame rather than try to steal another girl's avowed and devoted boy friend. But not Darlene.

(At that, my conscience pricks just a little, Betts. Because I do remember acquiring Rusty Bramwell, the Third in the first place from some equally dreadful peasant at school. It was at a gym dance, when I was very young, remember? But then, that was all for Rusty's best interests.)

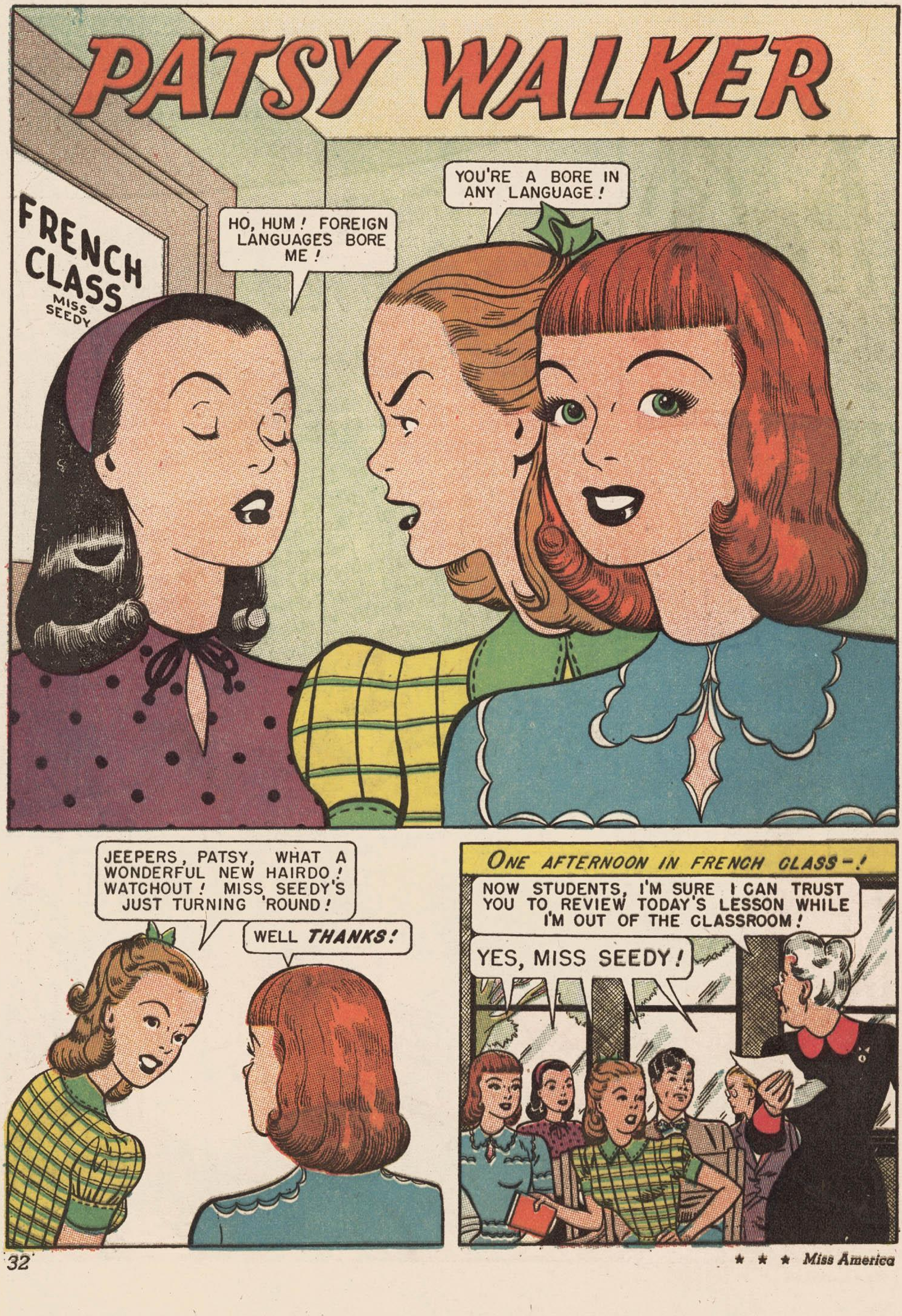
Anyway, tonight I drove home from school with Sally. She's sixteen and has her driver's

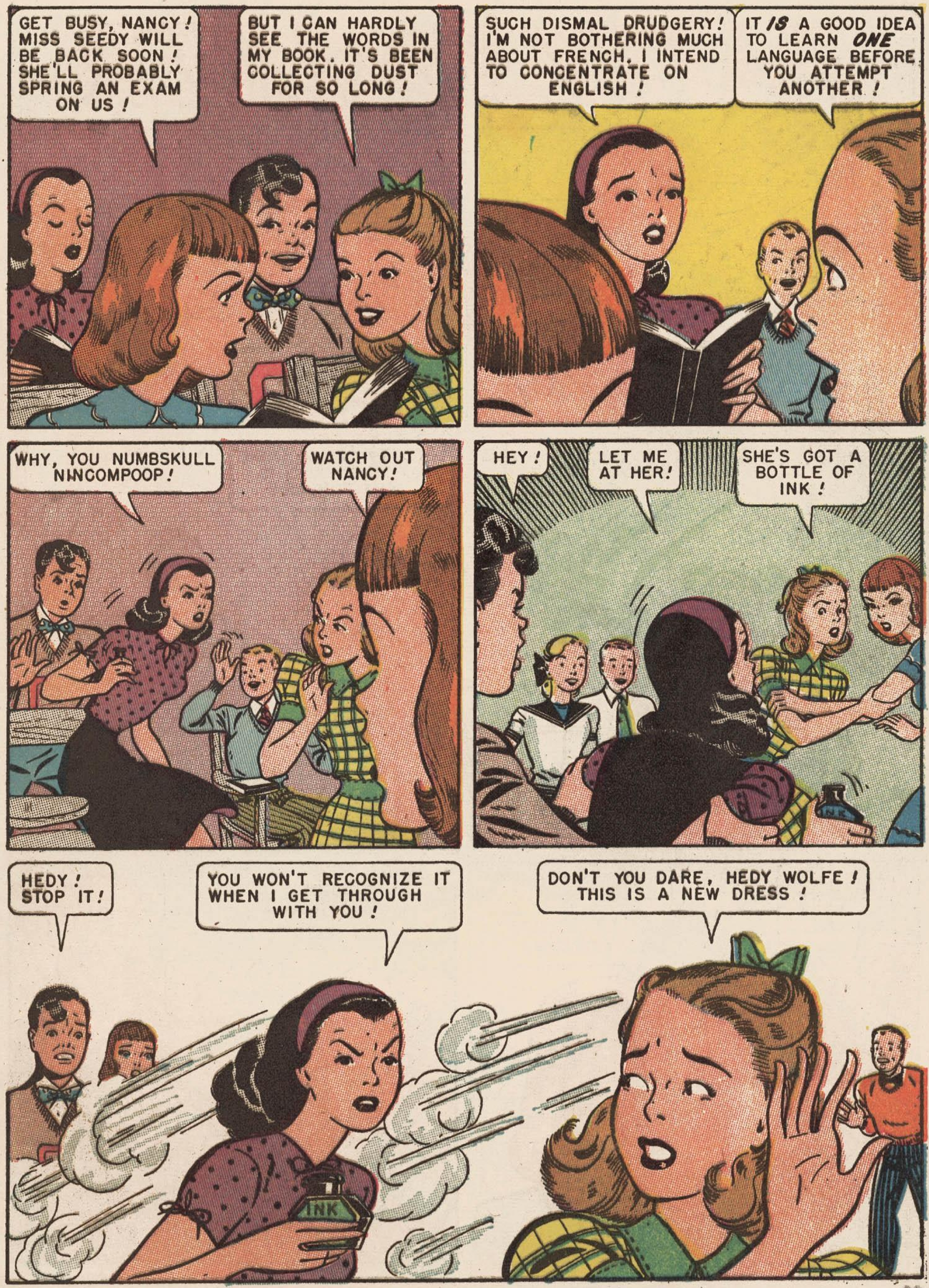
(Continued on page 47)

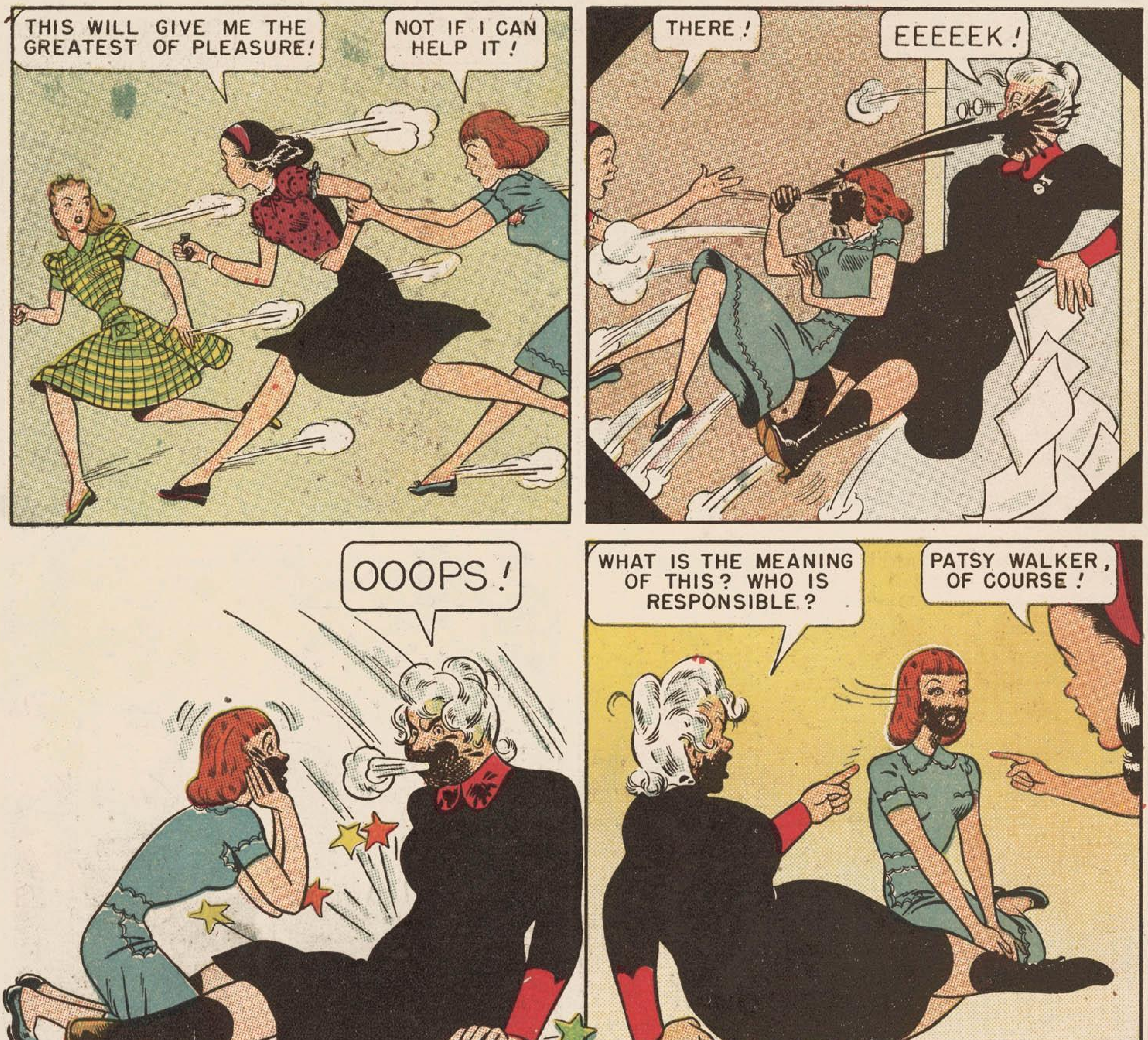


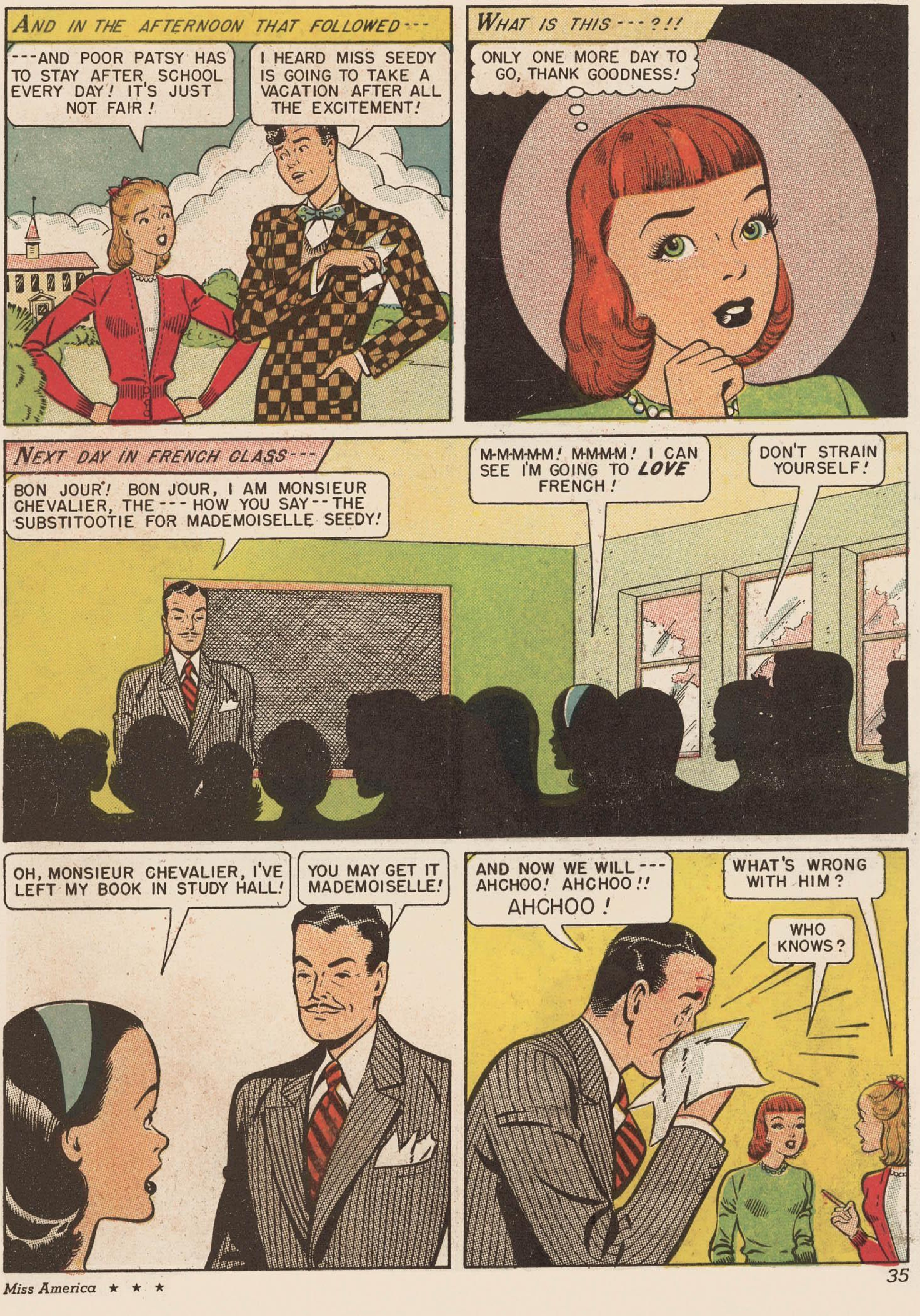
Darlene drooling over Rusty

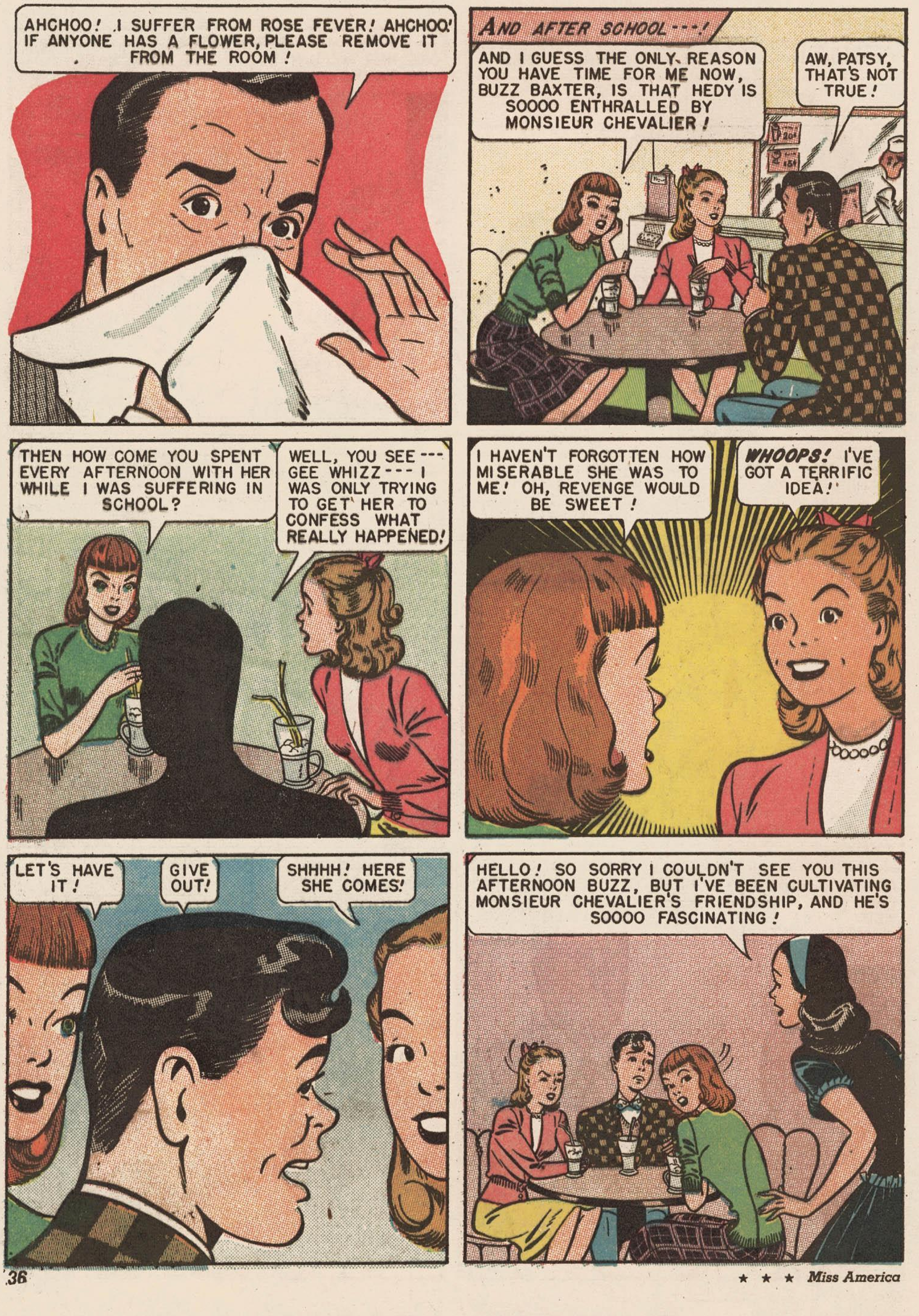
PATSY WALKER

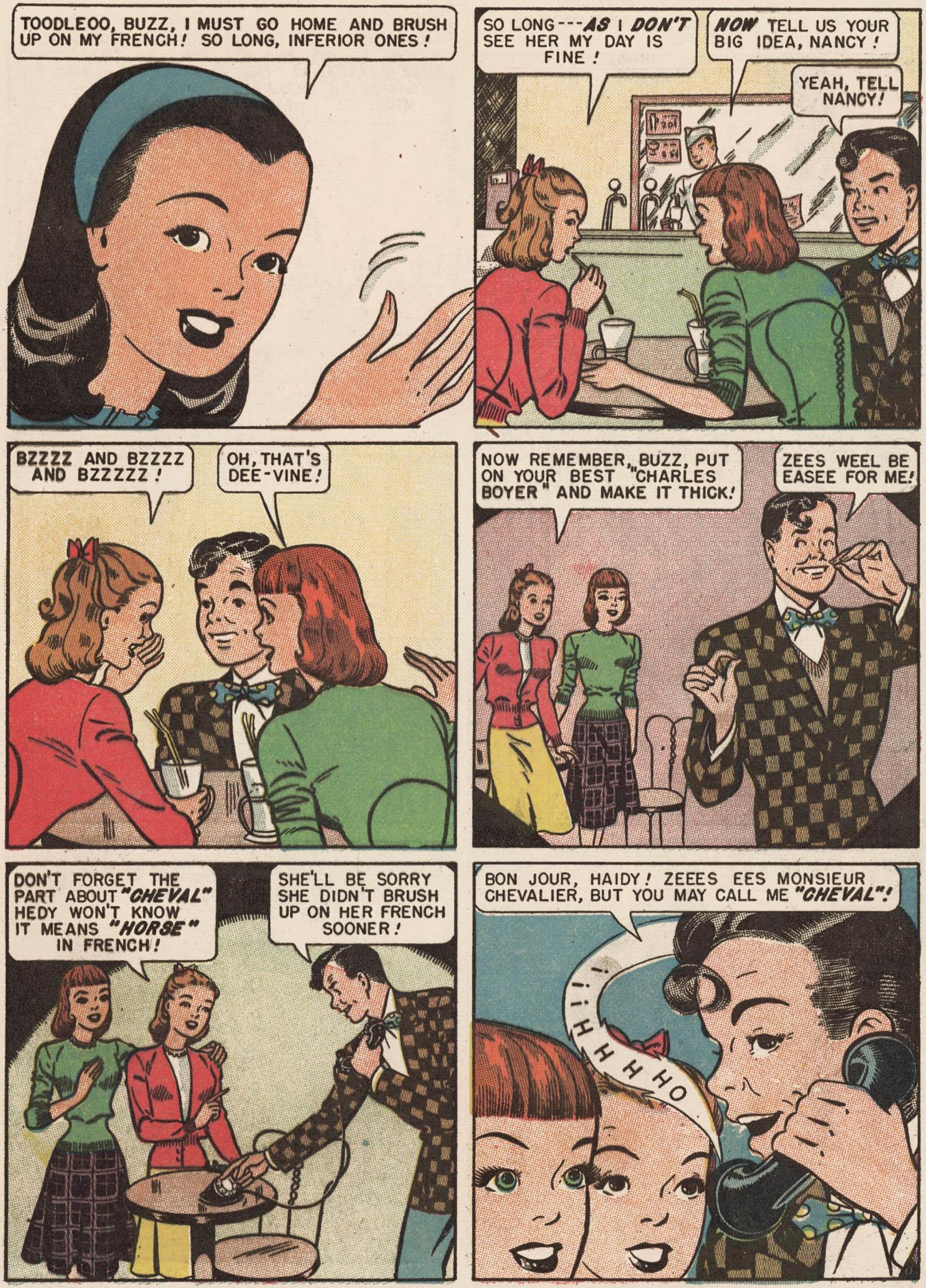

FRENCH CLASS
MISS SEEDY
HO, HUM! FOREIGN LANGUAGES BORE ME!
YOU'RE A BORE IN ANY LANGUAGE!
JEEPERS, PATSY, WHAT A WONDERFUL NEW HAIRDO! WATCHOUT! MISS SEEDY'S JUST TURNING 'ROUND!
WELL *THANKS!*
ONE AFTERNOON IN FRENCH CLASS-!
NOW STUDENTS, I'M SURE I CAN TRUST YOU TO REVIEW TODAY'S LESSON WHILE I'M OUT OF THE CLASSROOM!
YES, MISS SEEDY!

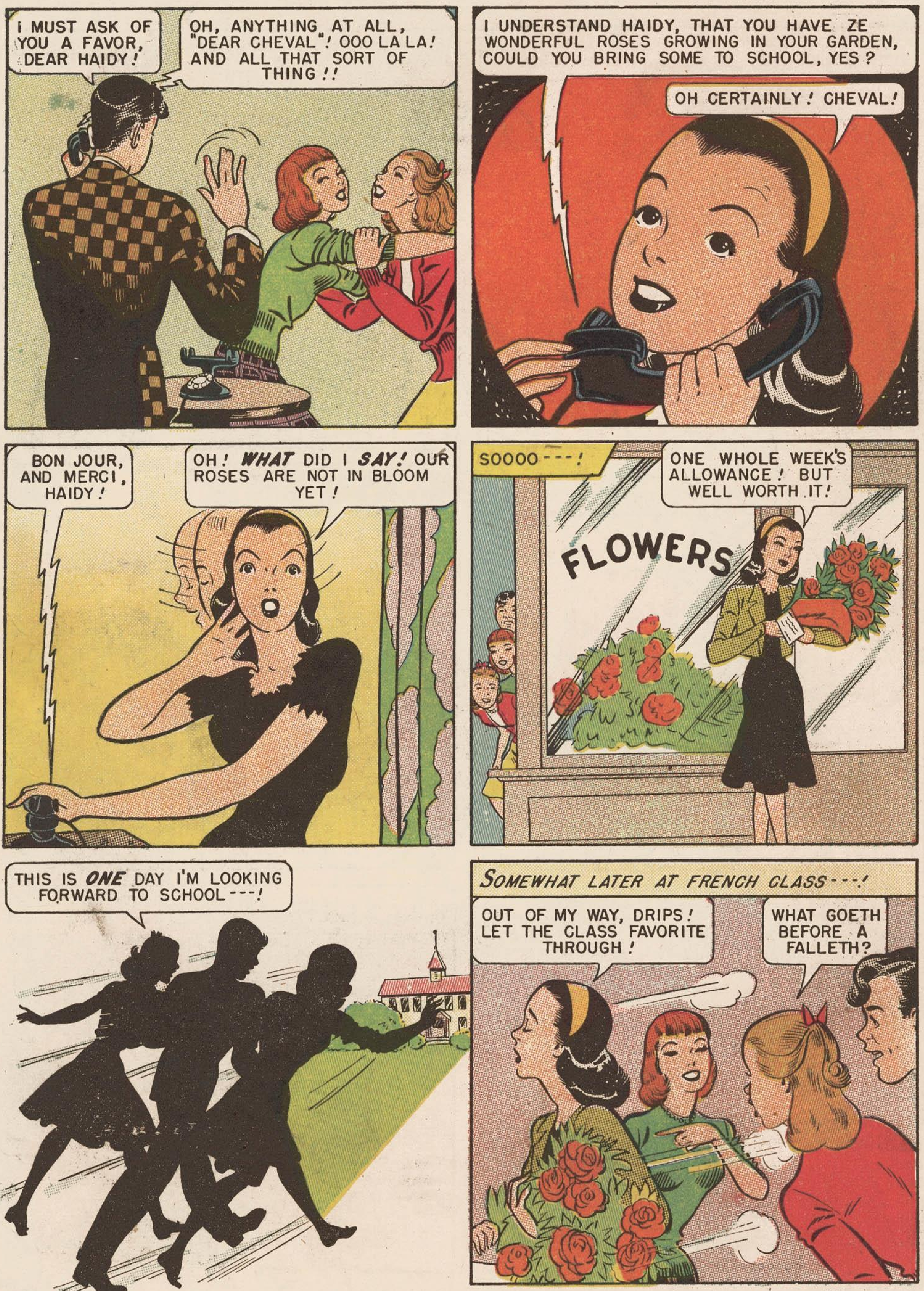

GET BUSY, NANCY! MISS SEEDY WILL BE BACK SOON! SHE'LL PROBABLY SPRING AN EXAM ON US!
BUT I CAN HARDLY SEE THE WORDS IN MY BOOK. IT'S BEEN COLLECTING DUST FOR SO LONG!
SUCH DISMAL DRUDGERY! I'M NOT BOTHERING MUCH ABOUT FRENCH. I INTEND TO CONCENTRATE ON ENGLISH!
IT *IS* A GOOD IDEA TO LEARN *ONE* LANGUAGE BEFORE YOU ATTEMPT ANOTHER!
WHY, YOU NUMBSKULL NINCOMPOOP!
WATCH OUT NANCY!
HEY!
LET ME AT HER!
SHE'S GOT A BOTTLE OF INK!
INK
HEDY! STOP IT!
YOU WON'T RECOGNIZE IT WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!
DON'T YOU DARE, HEDY WOLFE! THIS IS A NEW DRESS!
INK

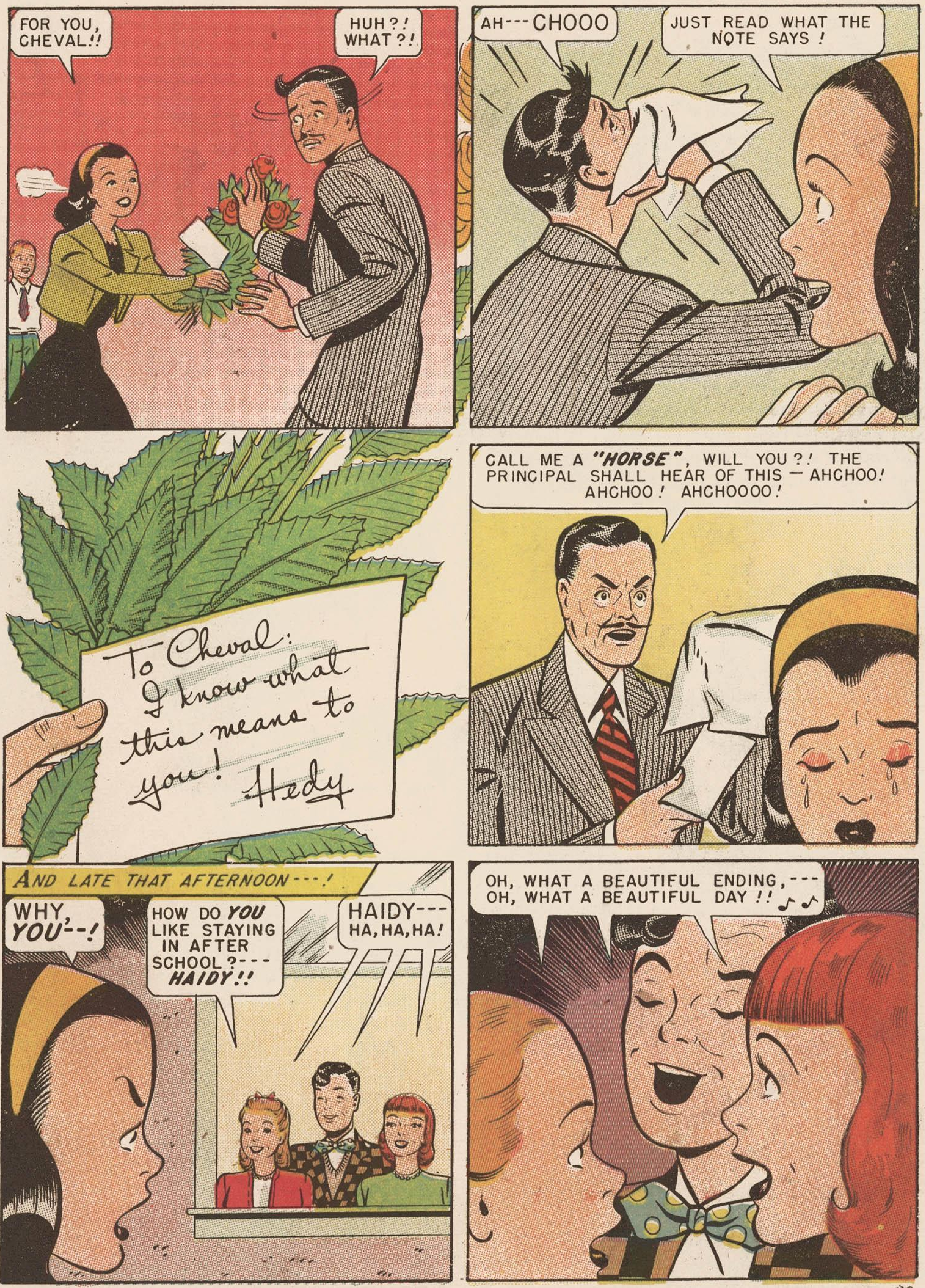

THIS WILL GIVE ME THE GREATEST OF PLEASURE!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
THERE!
EEEEEK!
OOOPS!
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?
PATSY WALKER, OF COURSE!
YOU WILL BE PUNISHED FOR THIS, PATSY WALKER!
BUT, I---
POOR MISS SEEDY! DO LET ME HELP YOU
COME WITH ME, YOUNG LADY! WE'RE GOING TO THE PRINCIPAL!
TSK! TSK! TSK!
BUT MISS SEEDY, I--


AND IN THE AFTERNOON THAT FOLLOWED---
---AND POOR PATSY HAS TO STAY AFTER SCHOOL EVERY DAY! IT'S JUST NOT FAIR!
I HEARD MISS SEEDY IS GOING TO TAKE A VACATION AFTER ALL THE EXCITEMENT!
WHAT IS THIS---?!!
ONLY ONE MORE DAY TO GO, THANK GOODNESS!
NEXT DAY IN FRENCH CLASS---
BON JOUR! BON JOUR, I AM MONSIEUR CHEVALIER, THE---HOW YOU SAY--THE SUBSTITOOTIE FOR MADEMOISELLE SEEDY!
M-M-M-M-M! M-M-M-M! I CAN SEE I'M GOING TO LOVE FRENCH!
DON'T STRAIN YOURSELF!
OH, MONSIEUR CHEVALIER, I'VE LEFT MY BOOK IN STUDY HALL!
YOU MAY GET IT MADEMOISELLE!
AND NOW WE WILL--- AHCHOO! AHCHOO!! AHCHOO!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
WHO KNOWS?


AHCHOO! I SUFFER FROM ROSE FEVER! AHCHOO! IF ANYONE HAS A FLOWER, PLEASE REMOVE IT FROM THE ROOM!
AND AFTER SCHOOL---!
AND I GUESS THE ONLY REASON YOU HAVE TIME FOR ME NOW, BUZZ BAXTER, IS THAT HEDY IS SOOOO ENTHRALLED BY MONSIEUR CHEVALIER!
AW, PATSY, THAT'S NOT TRUE!
THEN HOW COME YOU SPENT EVERY AFTERNOON WITH HER WHILE I WAS SUFFERING IN SCHOOL?
WELL, YOU SEE--- GEE WHIZZ--- I WAS ONLY TRYING TO GET HER TO CONFESS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN HOW MISERABLE SHE WAS TO ME! OH, REVENGE WOULD BE SWEET!
WHOOPS! I'VE GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA!
LET'S HAVE IT!
GIVE OUT!
SHHHH! HERE SHE COMES!
HELLO! SO SORRY I COULDN'T SEE YOU THIS AFTERNOON BUZZ, BUT I'VE BEEN CULTIVATING MONSIEUR CHEVALIER'S FRIENDSHIP, AND HE'S SOOOO FASCINATING!


TOODLEOO, BUZZ, I MUST GO HOME AND BRUSH UP ON MY FRENCH! SO LONG, INFERIOR ONES!
SO LONG---AS I DON'T SEE HER MY DAY IS FINE!
NOW TELL US YOUR BIG IDEA, NANCY!
YEAH, TELL NANCY!
BZZZZ AND BZZZZ AND BZZZZZ!
OH, THAT'S DEE-VINE!
NOW REMEMBER, BUZZ, PUT ON YOUR BEST "CHARLES BOYER" AND MAKE IT THICK!
ZEES WEEL BE EASEE FOR ME!
DON'T FORGET THE PART ABOUT "CHEVAL" HEDY WON'T KNOW IT MEANS "HORSE" IN FRENCH!
SHE'LL BE SORRY SHE DIDN'T BRUSH UP ON HER FRENCH SOONER!
BON JOUR, HAIDY! ZEEES EES MONSIEUR CHEVALIER, BUT YOU MAY CALL ME "CHEVAL"!
OHHHHH!!!


I MUST ASK OF YOU A FAVOR, DEAR HAIDY!
OH, ANYTHING AT ALL, "DEAR CHEVAL"! OOO LA LA! AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING!!
I UNDERSTAND HAIDY, THAT YOU HAVE ZE WONDERFUL ROSES GROWING IN YOUR GARDEN, COULD YOU BRING SOME TO SCHOOL, YES?
OH CERTAINLY! CHEVAL!
BON JOUR, AND MERCI, HAIDY!
OH! **WHAT** DID I **SAY!** OUR ROSES ARE NOT IN BLOOM YET!
SOOOO---!
ONE WHOLE WEEK'S ALLOWANCE! BUT WELL WORTH IT!
FLOWERS
THIS IS **ONE** DAY I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO SCHOOL---!
SOMEWHAT LATER AT FRENCH CLASS---!
OUT OF MY WAY, DRIPS! LET THE CLASS FAVORITE THROUGH!
WHAT GOETH BEFORE A FALLETH?


FOR YOU, CHEVAL!!
HUH?! WHAT?!
AH---CHOOO
JUST READ WHAT THE NOTE SAYS!
To Cheval: I know what this means to you! Hedy
CALL ME A "HORSE", WILL YOU?! THE PRINCIPAL SHALL HEAR OF THIS — AHCHOO! AHCHOO! AHCHOOOO!
AND LATE THAT AFTERNOON---!
WHY, YOU--!
HOW DO YOU LIKE STAYING IN AFTER SCHOOL?--- HAIDY!!
HAIDY--- HA, HA, HA!
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL ENDING,--- OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY!! ♪♪

LONELY HEART

You're in a gay, laughing crowd—yet, somehow, deep down you feel alone, an outcast, a misfit . . . Why, why, why can't you be bright and witty and charming? Must you go through life not quite being part of things? Here are a few heartening answers . . .

by julie easton

IT'S a gay party. Everyone laughing, talking, having a good time, apparently. Everyone but you, that is. Oh, you're pretending to enjoy yourself, to be as merry as the next one, but somehow you feel out of place. Inside you feel—well, maybe uncomfortable is the word. Afraid you'll do or say the wrong thing.

That was Scene I in the drama of your private life. Here's Scene II. You're up in front of the class in public speaking, giving a speech. Your heart tries to pound its way out of your body, your hands feel clammy and detached, sort of. Your knees shake. All those curious eyes converging on you, everyone thinking about you, listening critically, drawing conclusions. You stammer, falter, forget what you were going to say.

Comes Scene III, your first date. For years you've looked forward to this—now you're miserable. Afraid he won't like you, after all, will never ask you out again. Afraid, too, of what people around you may be thinking. Either you retire into helpless silence or you laugh too much, all the time, at everything, nervously giggle your escort right out of your life, just as you feared.

There are other scenes. One at home, when there are important guests present, and you get all cold inside for fear you won't live up to parental expectations. The time you didn't get invited to a certain party, and you brood about what can possibly be wrong with you, anyway. The embarrassing mistakes you've made, remembering which even now makes you feel all hot and gulpy.

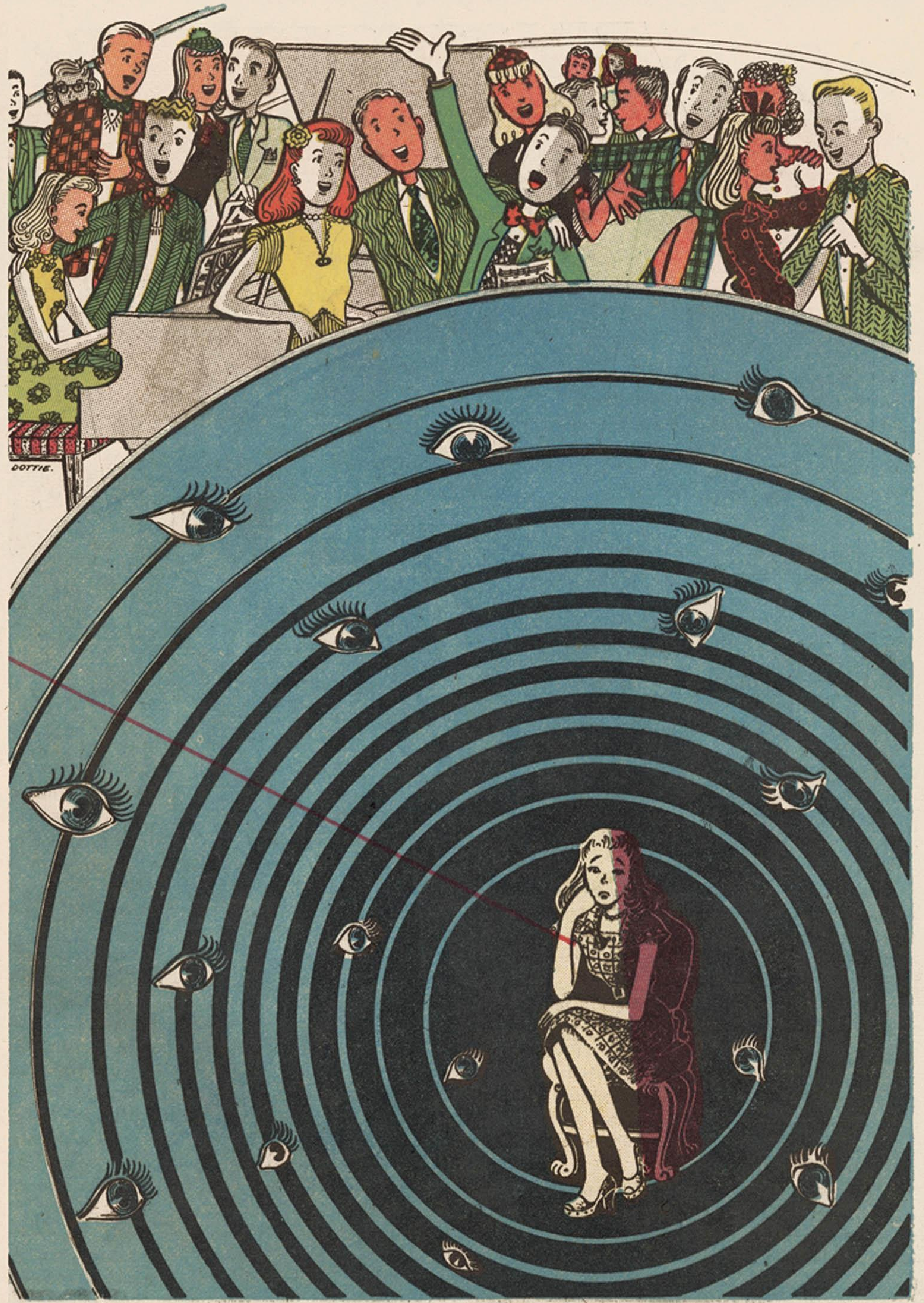
All of which build up to a sad climax. You're becoming convinced that you're a square peg in a round hole, as the psychologists say—a misfit. No matter where you go, what you do, you feel like a stranger, as if you didn't quite belong.

So-o-oo, you go around feeling awfully, awfully sorry for yourself, sure that nobody likes you just as —oh, oh—you don't seem to like anybody, either. The world's against you and you're against the world.

Take heart. Snap out of it. Actually, you might be surprised to discover how many of your friends feel exactly the way you do, at times. They also may be *pretending*, suffering agonies of self-consciousness, misgivings, regrets. Not only your contemporaries, but often grown people, too. It's a rare person who always feels at home on this earth, everywhere, all the time.

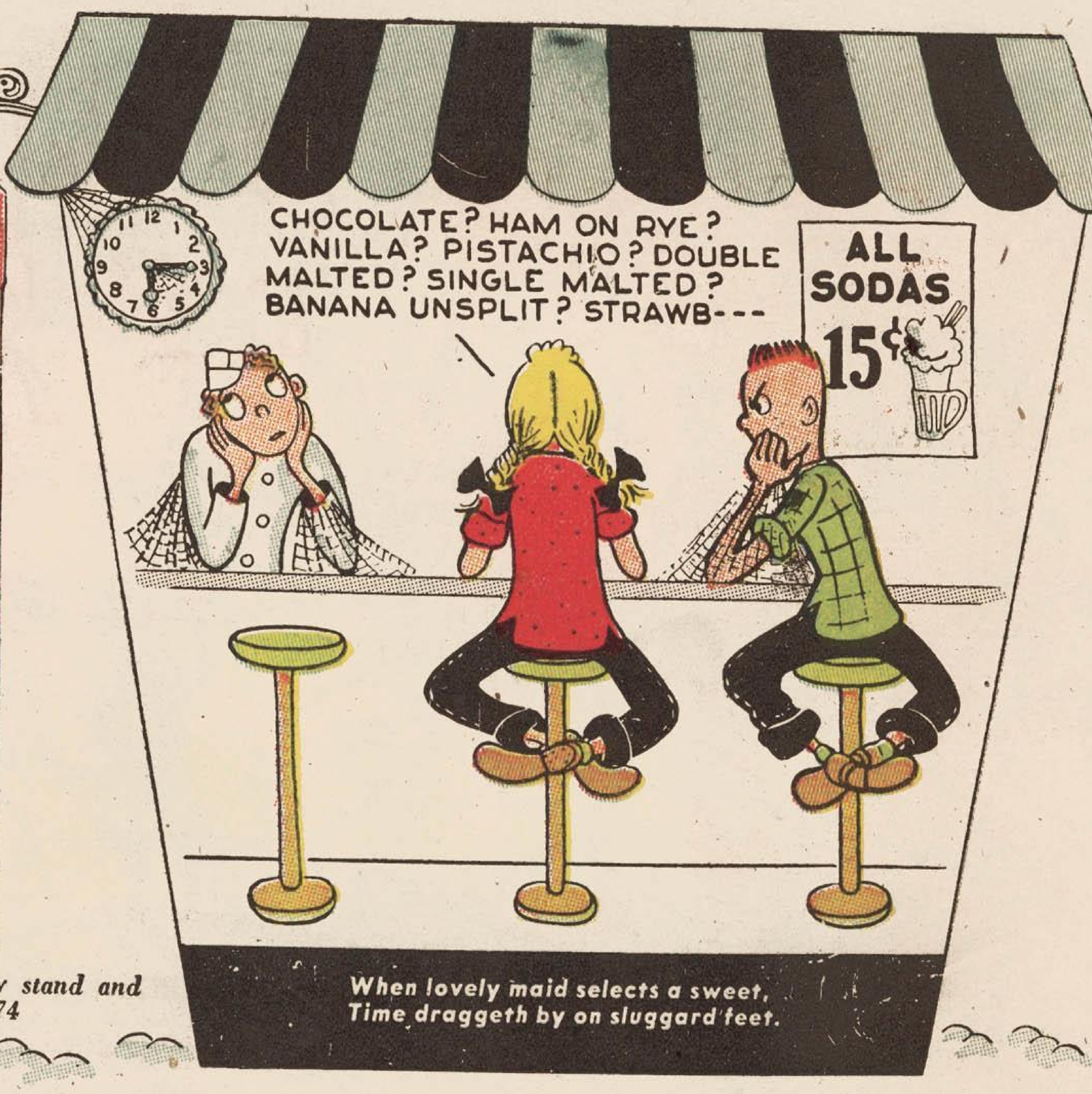
Bring your sense of humor galloping to the rescue. At your age, the problem of being a misfit is likely to be just a temporary one, which added years will solve. The trouble may be

(*Continued on page* 60)

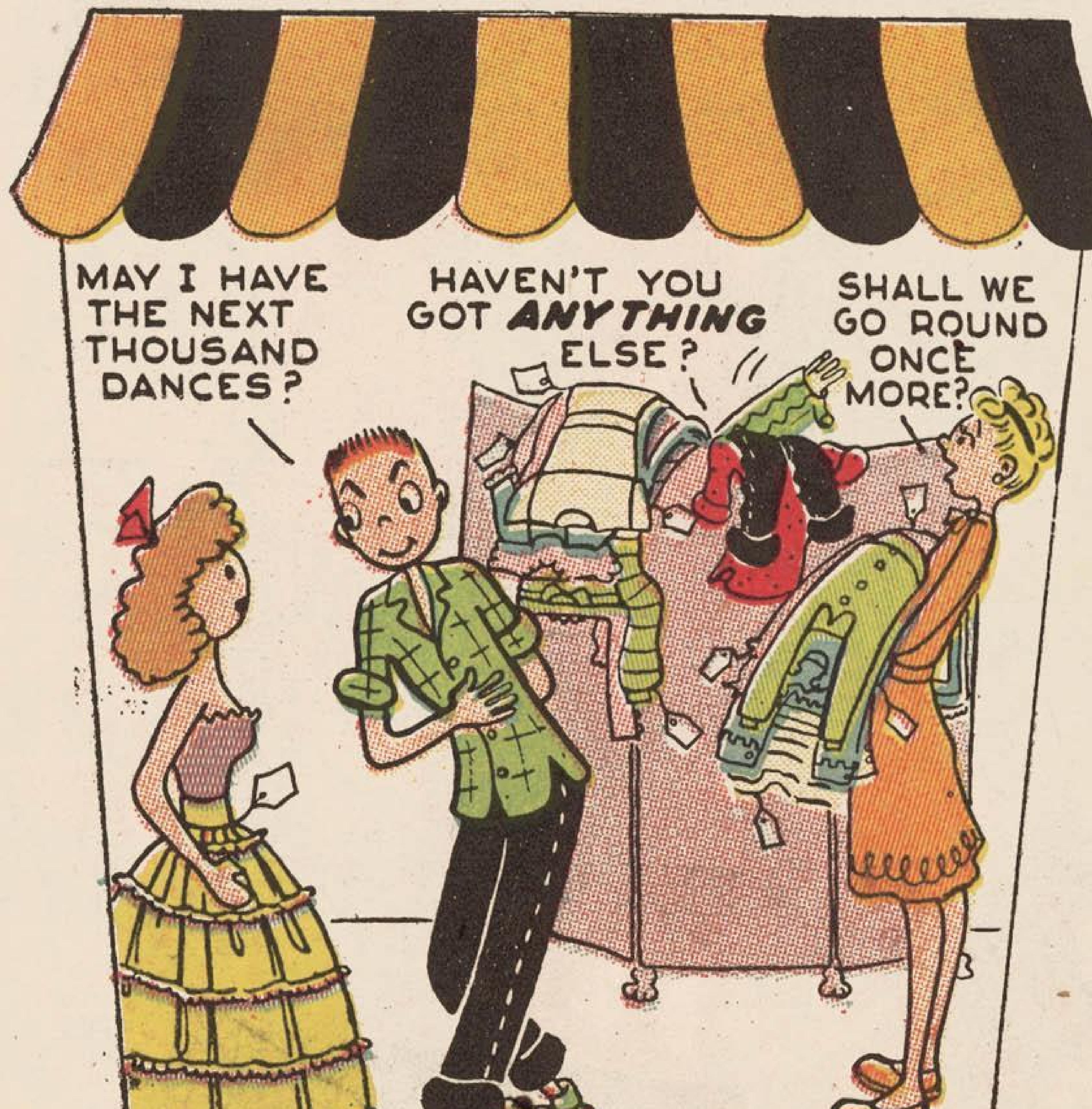


RUSTY

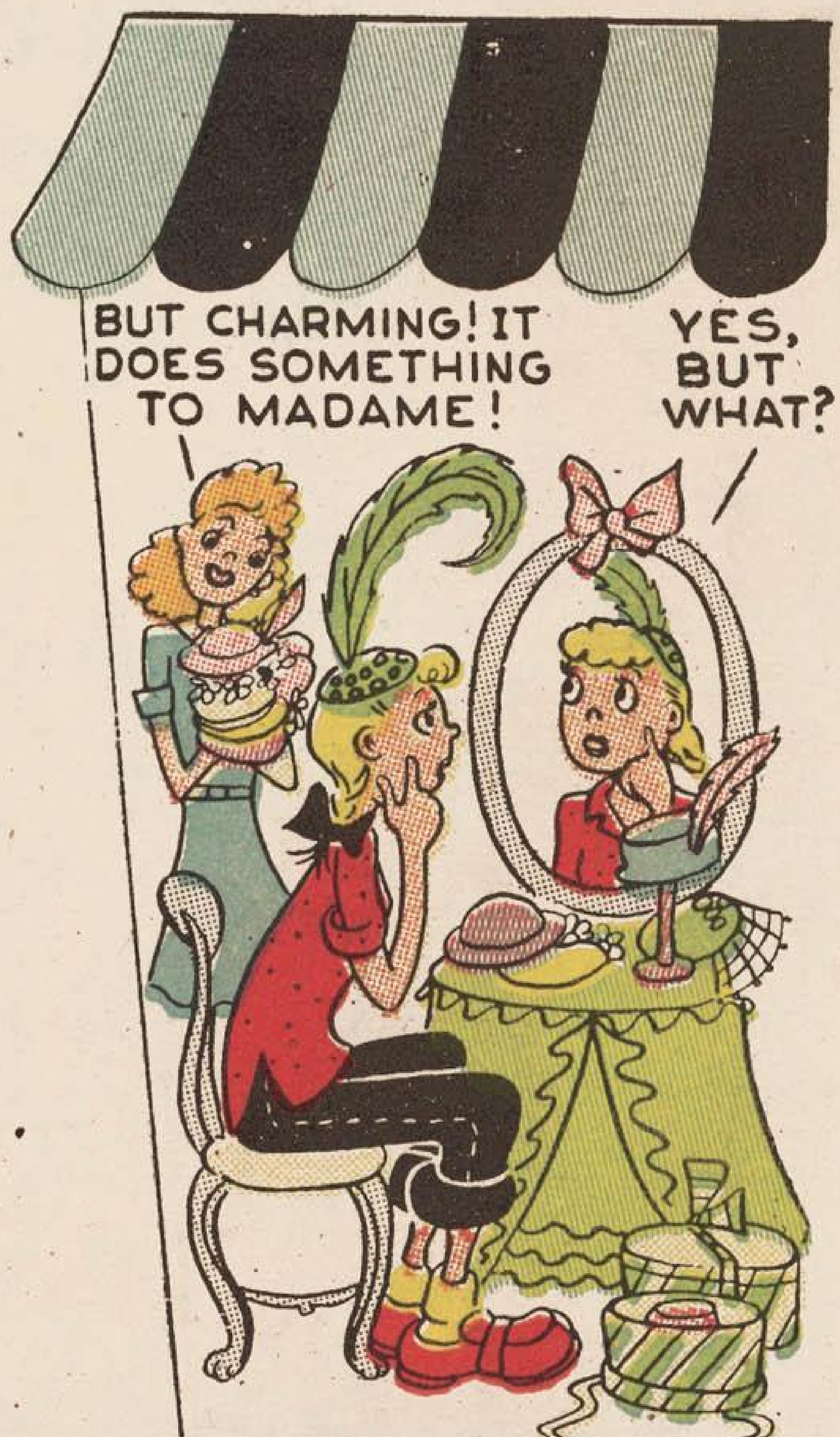
They also serve who only stand and wait—John Milton, 1608-1674


CHOCOLATE? HAM ON RYE? VANILLA? PISTACHIO? DOUBLE MALTED? SINGLE MALTED? BANANA UNSPLIT? STRAWB---
ALL SODAS 15¢

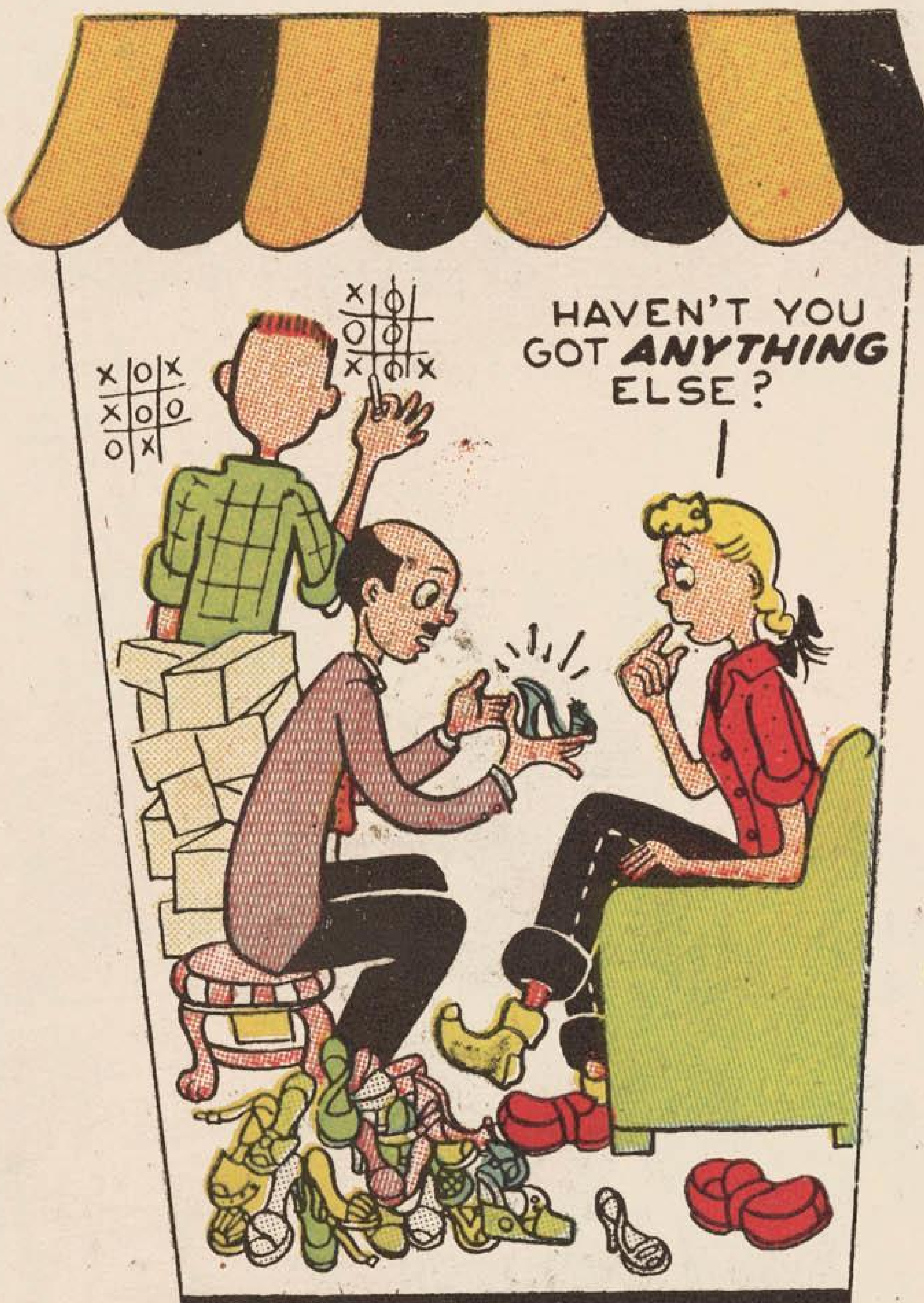
When lovely maid selects a sweet,
Time draggeth by on sluggard feet.


MAY I HAVE THE NEXT THOUSAND DANCES?
HAVEN'T YOU GOT ***ANYTHING*** ELSE?
SHALL WE GO ROUND ONCE MORE?

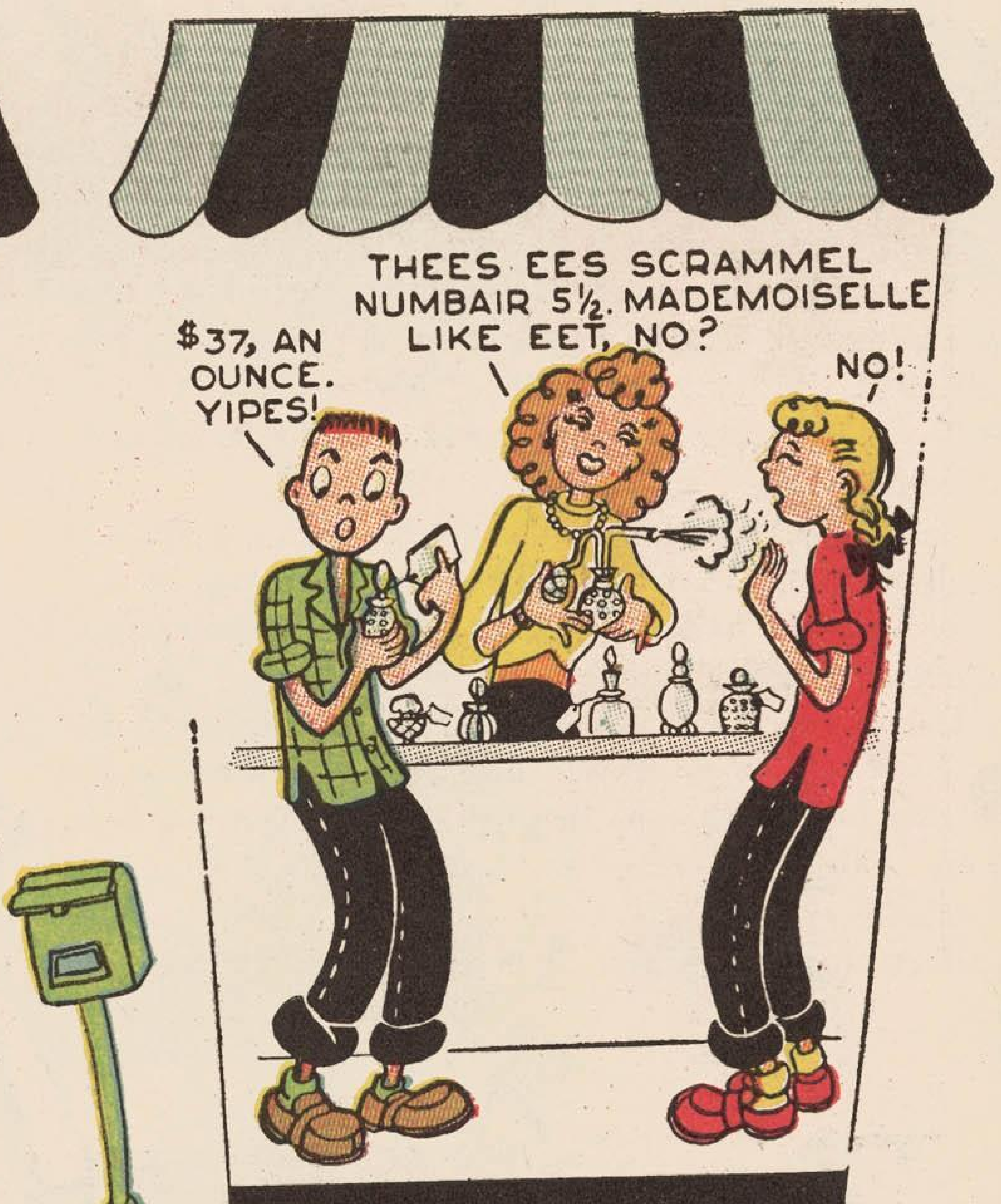
And how the hours lag, tick-tock,
While picking out a little frock.


BUT CHARMING! IT DOES SOMETHING TO MADAME!
YES, BUT WHAT?

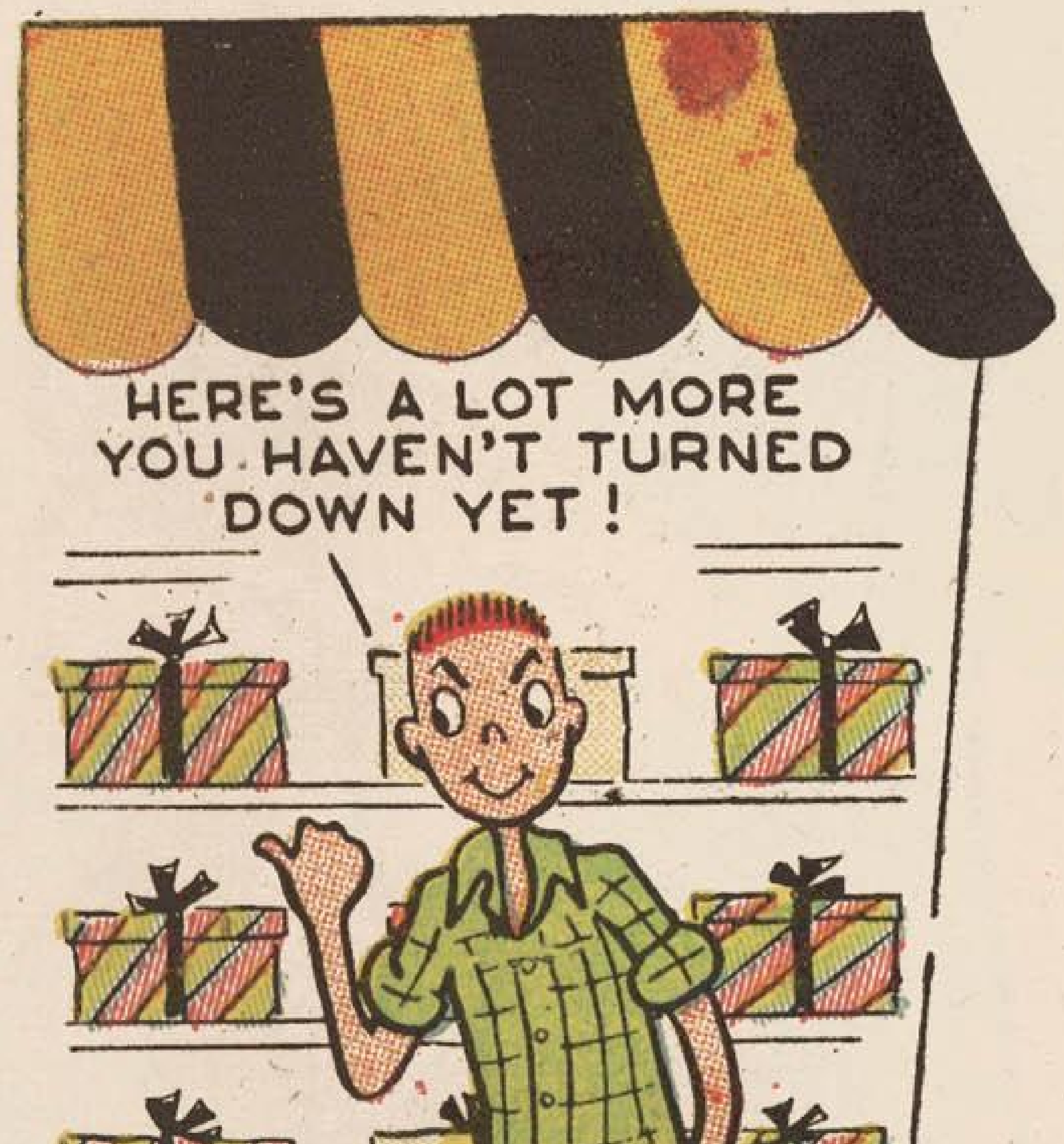
When she buys a new chapeau


HAVEN'T YOU GOT **ANYTHING** ELSE?

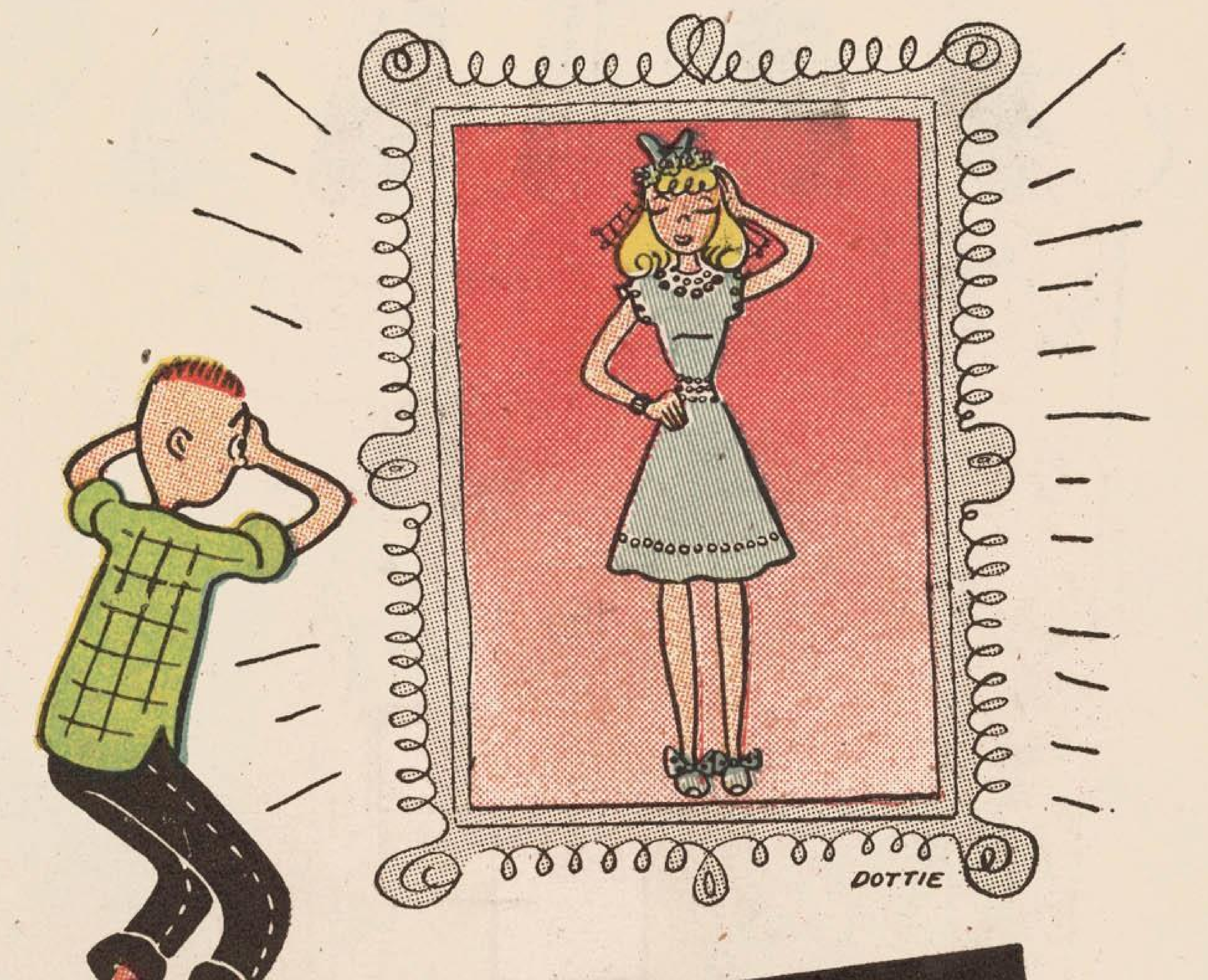
Time marches on—but slowly too,
When lovely miss selects a shoe.


THEES EES SCRAMMEL NUMBAIR 5½. MADEMOISELLE LIKE EET, NO?
$37, AN OUNCE. YIPES!
NO!

But when milady's choosing scent,
Time, oh, time, where have you went?


HERE'S A LOT MORE YOU HAVEN'T TURNED DOWN YET!

Time's a-wasting, yo-ho, yo-ho!



Marching hours seem poorly spent,
Until you see to what extent,
Milady's time-expending care,
Has rendered her surpassing fair!

follow this Party line

to end parties that fizzle instead of sizzle . . .
Advice from a professional party perker-upper

by carole stupell

YOU'RE stumped—simply, absolutely and completely. The problem, Mr. Anthony, is this. You'd like to throw a party this month to knock the gang reeling back on its heels. A super-duper, smash shebang that'll have 'em buzzing for days—*an event!*

You've given it much thought. Oh yes, long hours have you meditated. Meaning: you sat down, chewed your pencil-eraser, then your pencil, then (horrors!) your fingernails, and come up with—nary an idea! Not even a reasonable facsimile.

Well, look around—what's new? It's spring again, and birds are on the wing again, yes—but while it may be very pleasant in the park, what, pray tell, is new and exciting along *party lines* in March?

Do you know that spring is just the time to turn a new leaf, a fresh, bright, green leaf? And March is just the month to end monotony in party doings? You can make your affair, spritely and as breath-takingly alive, as the new season itself.

Careful planning here, it makes all the difference between a party that sizzles and one that fizzles, no matter what month the calendar decrees. Expressing your own personality, will make your party say, "This is Janie Jones' party, and no one else's." Now getting down to cases.

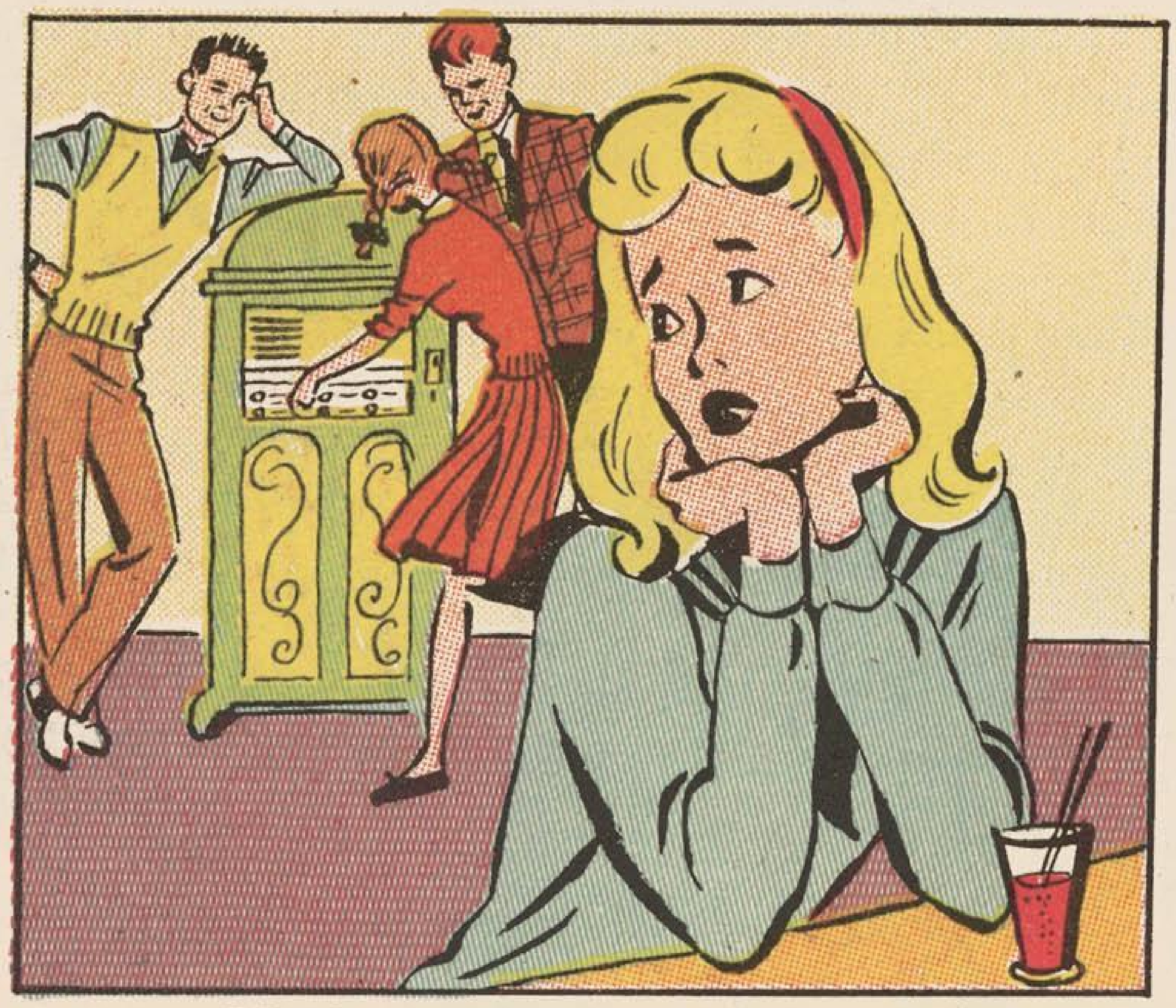
First off, remember that your table is going to be the center of attention, so make it the center of *your* attention, when you're preparing for the party. The idea's the thing!

Choose your color scheme first, and then carry out the motif in your invitations, the room decorations and in the food you serve. Don't be afraid to be different—by being yourself. Don't be hesitant about unusual props. They're all around the house in the form of plants and figurines. Take a good look-see, and once more, plan, plan, plan.

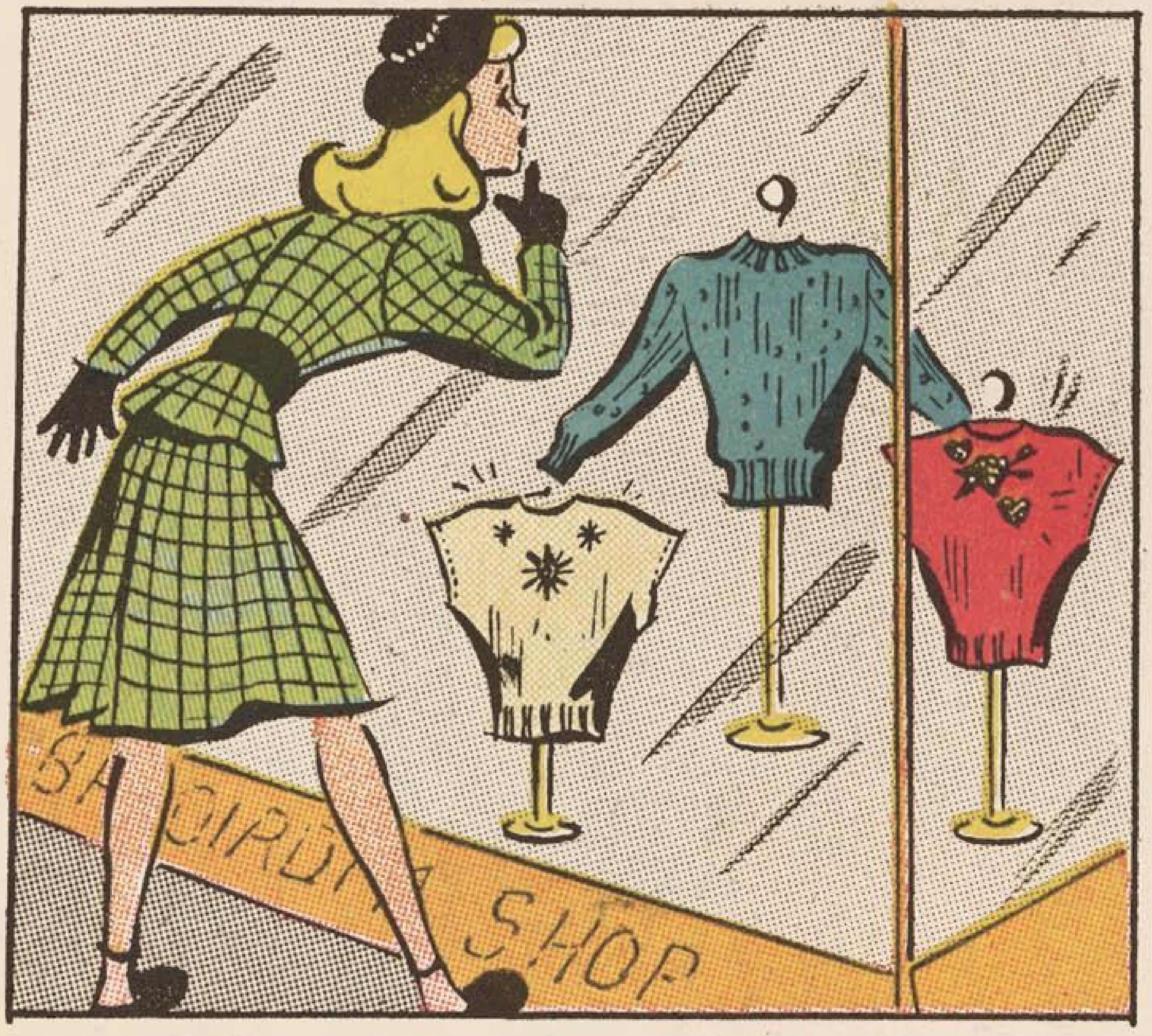
If you're still not convinced, and you still believe that March is a deadly dull month for parties, perhaps the following will make you change your mind. At least I hope they will act as inspirations, pin-pricking your own good gray matter.

What's the occasion? March 11th, perhaps? Johnny Appleseed's birthday. You know (*Continued on page* 47)

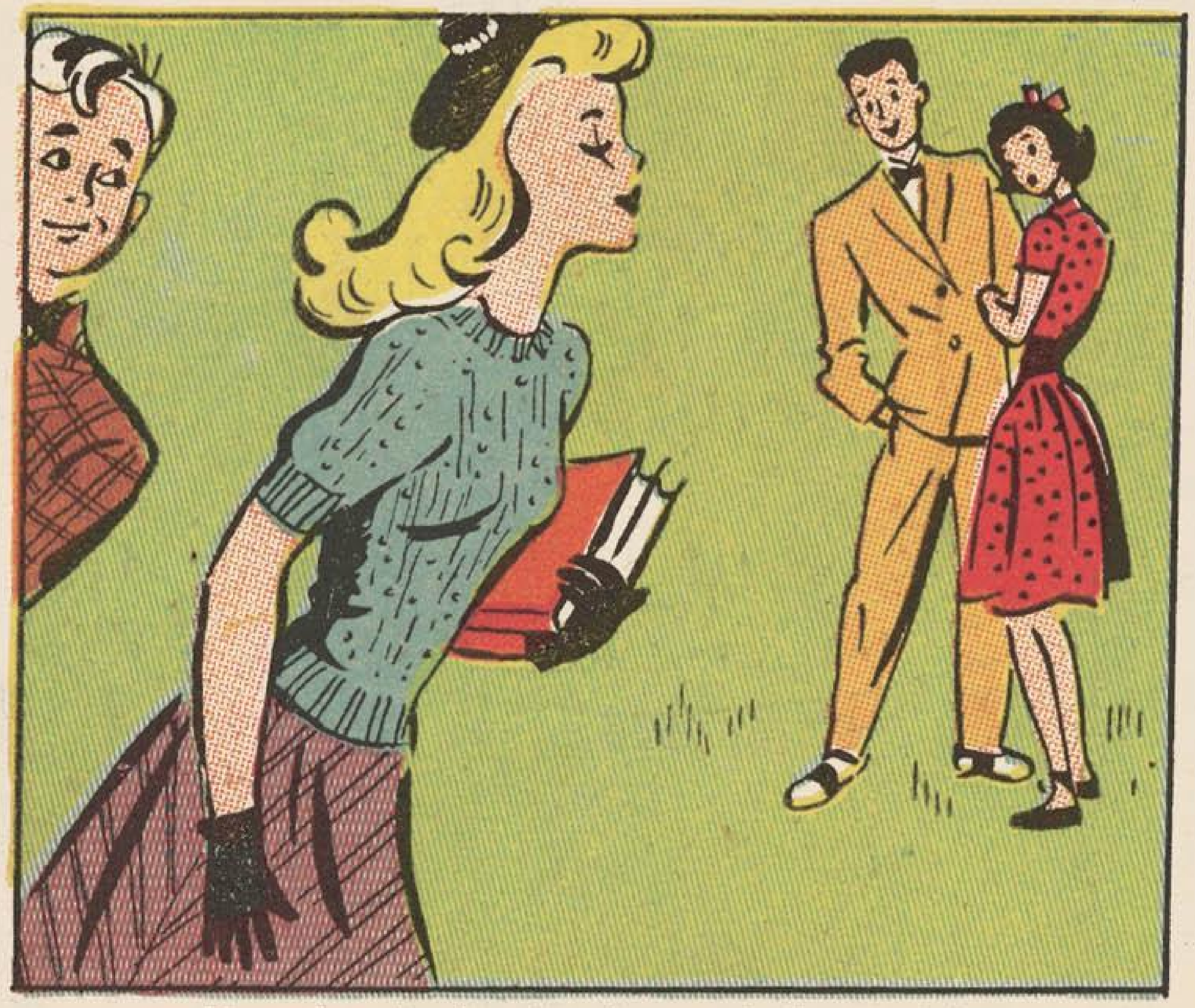
Hi-Girl SWEATERS RATE DATES!



Why be a sad and sorry sack?
Be a Jill that gets her Jack.

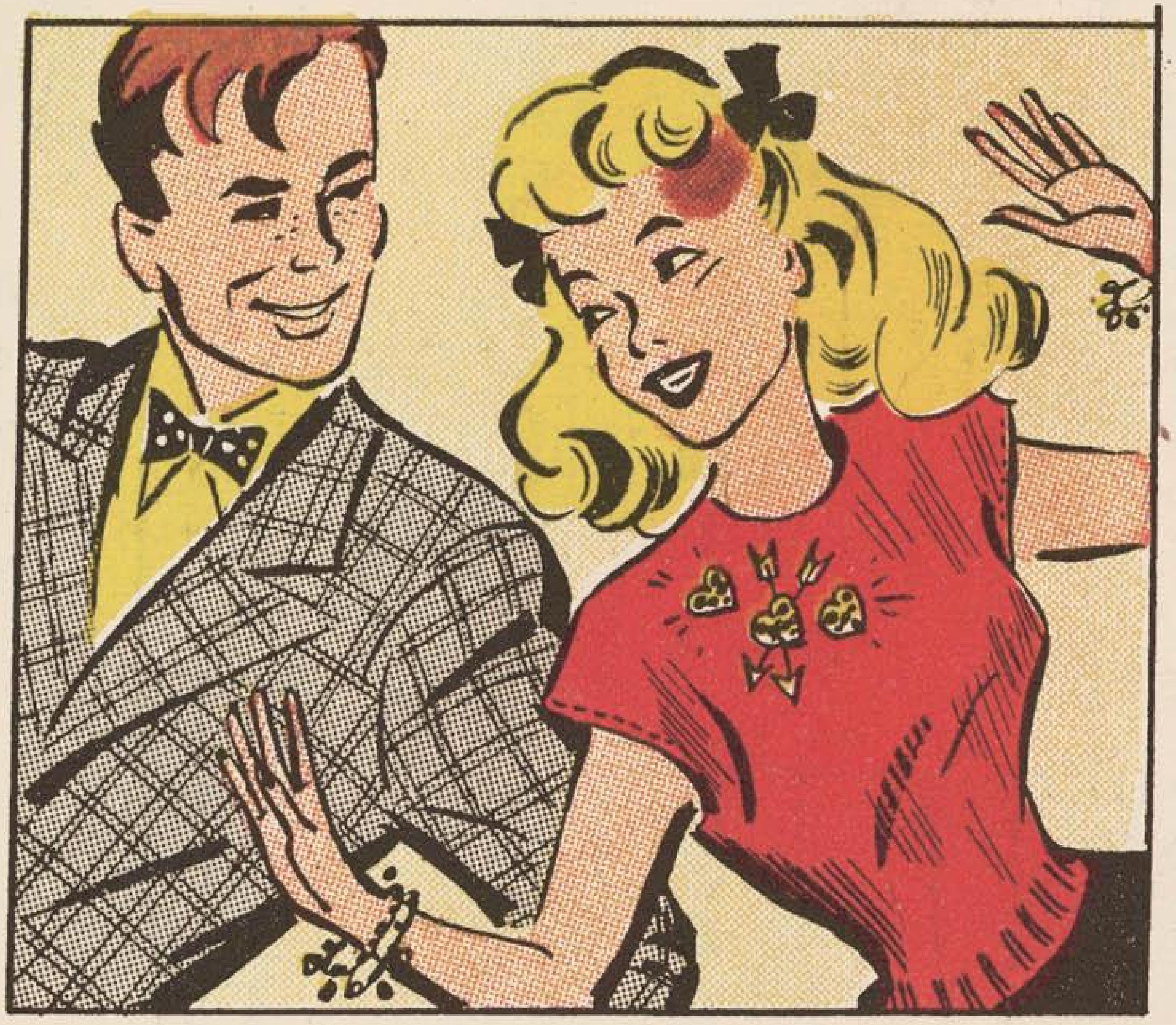


Hi-Girl speeds to her local store
For sweaters to give her glamour galore.



Now boys at school say she's no dub.
"What a chassis in that boxy nub!"*

*White, blue, maize, melon, peach—about $8



For super dates, there's nothing better,
Than Hi-Girl's snazzy sequin sweater!**

**White, pink, black, navy—about $11

WIN a Hi-Girl Sweater! Three given away free for the three best letters on "Why I love my Hi-Girl Sweater." Write Hi-Girl Sweaters, Dept. MA, 1410 Broadway, N. Y. C.

ASK FOR THESE SWEATERS AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

SOLD AT LEADING STORES
FROM COAST TO COAST

Hi-Girl
SWEATERS
1410 BROADWAY, N. Y.

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 31

license, and her dad lets her take the car almost any time she wants.

We drove up to my house, and who do we see, but Darlene, looking up at some boy, putting on the most terrible act! She couldn't have looked at Van Johnson with more sickening calf-love.

Worse still, was when Sally drove a little farther so we could see "who" the boy might be, and who was standing there so absolutely fascinated? Rusty!

Betts, I was so angry I could have jumped right out of the car and pulled out all of Darlene's hair. But of course a lady must compose herself, lest she too, become a peasant or a goon.

I smiled sweetly and said, "Hello Darlene. Rusty, I see you are waiting for me. Come along."

That did it, Betts. Darlene couldn't say a word. Rusty looked a little bewildered, and in the state of confusion I took his arm and started to march him right into my yard. Darlene up and shrills at us, "Rusty, are you henpecked?" Indicating that he is.

Rusty stopped dead in his tracks, and his face turned white. I plainly lost my composure and without realizing what I was doing I yelled at Darlene, "Just you dare come into my yard and make such a horrid remark to my face, you jealous—cat!"

"Don't be so scared of losing Rusty, you will soon enough," Darlene replied inelegantly.

Betts, I was starting over the fence for Darlene, when unfortunately, Mom, who was sitting on the porch behind the awning, stepped out. "Now, if you two ladies will remember that you are ladies, I have some delicious peach ice cream in the refrigerator. I'm sure that Rusty and Darlene and you, Victoria, would like some."

"You mean that you'd invite Darlene over and let her eat in our house?" I asked.

"Of course! You are supposed to 'love thy neighbors'."

"I could never love Darlene!"

"Be that as it may," said Moms definitely, "you two must be friends."

Well Betts, that two-timing Darlene, she smiled and said, "Of course, Mrs. Dunford, I will be delighted to have some ice cream."

Rusty, all he did was stand there and stammer, like a big simp.

"You can have Rusty," I said in final indignation and disgust, and tore away. I just about sobbed my pillow wet before Moms came in and said, "Vicky, Rusty and Darlene are waiting for you in the living room. Now if you are a sensible girl you will go out and be gracious to them."

"Never," I sobbed. "Never. And why doesn't Darlene have a little pride? How dare she traipse over here for our ice cream?"

"Victoria, if you are as adult as you claim, you'll act like one."

So Betts, I had to swallow my pride and my suffering, and wash my face and go down.

Darlene smiled with that glint in her green eyes, like the cat who has swallowed the canary.

"Rusty, I must go home," she said. "Perhaps you'd like to come?"

Had Rusty gone out that door I'd been heart-broken forever, Betts. I'd never trusted another man with my affections.

But Rusty came through magnificantly, and said:

"I'll stay with Vicky a while."

Rusty stayed so long, Moms invited him to dinner. Pops looked him over, and after dinner we played Chinese checkers. Wasn't that family-like and dreamy? Think how wonderful if Rusty is Pop's son-in-law some day!

Your faithful and devoted friend,
Vicky.

FOLLOW THIS PARTY LINE

From page 45

Johnny Appleseed—the guy who wandered all over the country planting apple seeds? (The public library can give you much more literature about him, which incidentally would serve as wonderful material for games.) Okay, fine—but who-on-earth ever celebrates Johnny A.'s birthday? *You* do—and very cleverly, too! The day lends itself easily to tricky decorations. Like so: Your little brother's toy truck or cart—brimming with apples and as much fruit as you can find will serve as a centerpiece. Your color scheme? Apple green and petal pink, ma'am—pink paper plates, green cups and napkins, with sprigs of artificial apple blossoms and leaves around the cart and table. Your menu is strictly your own idea—but be sure to include a hot drink of mulled spiced sweet apple cider (ummm!) in case March hasn't exited like a lamb, yet.

March is also Red Cross month, so why not have a party to start the fund rolling? Set an admission price, and plan games with penny forfeits, the entire afternoon's proceeds going into a kitty donated to the Red Cross. Decorate your snowy tablecloth with a large red cross. Dress a doll in the costume of a Red Cross nurse, holding a box for money and set her down among gift packages in the center of the table. Running from each package to place setting, stream a ribbon of bandage tacked to a red napkin with Red Cross donor's pin. In order to pull it, a contribution must be made to the Red Cross maiden.

March 15th, the Ides of March, of which you, as well as Caesar, might beware. You'll remember the date if you've been studying your Caesar, without the aid of a "pony." If not, you'll need an Ides of March cramming party, for mid-term exams. A fine ice-breaker is, EAT THOSE WORDS, played this way: turn out a neat batch of cupcakes, decorating the icing with the initials of all your guests. Boys and girls are paired via the initials. When he tells her she's sweet enough to eat, he has to show that he means it.

The basketball season is in full swing in March. Make this sport the theme for your buffet dinner before the crucial game—and the boys will love it. Your centerpiece is simple, Simone—crochet a net and hold it taunt with wire. Load this basket with fresh fruit and place a flying banner in it, smaller banners stuck in cupcakes (during the game, they can serve as lapel pins.) Your colors are those of your favorite team—your cloth being the lighter shade, and napkins the contrasting one. Hi-ho, with a start like that before the game—you can't lose!

Now—go ahead and act the *part-y!*

when Love steps in

by rosalie f. wilson

Illustrated by Harvey Kidder

KIDDER
WESTERN

It was to be a practical joke, a trick to keep the "Little Fox" off her trail . . . but Della's maneuvering led to unexpected romantic complications . . .

Della was backstage applying make-up when Uncle Joe and a radiant Miss Brewster entered. "We wish you luck," they said, smiling warmly.

DELLA bent over her desk, her dark smooth cap of hair swinging forward to hide her face, scribbled the words and folded the note quickly. She placed it inside her history book and gravely exchanged books with Jennifer across the aisle.

Jennifer was smart enough not to open the book immediately. She sat with her hands folded over it, her eyes wide and angelic on Miss Brewster, who was running on about the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. The woman completed the sentence smoothly, ". . . and that was in Julius Caesar's time. And now, Miss Ronson, I perceive that your book differs from ours. Am I right?"

Della stiffened. "No, Miss Brewster."

"Your book is identical with Miss James'?"

"Yes, Miss Brewster."

"Just why do you feel impelled to acquaint her with an identical version of her own book?"

Della was silent. Miss Brewster knew why all right. Any other teacher, Della thought hotly, would have added an extra load onto the homework assignment and let it go at that. But *the little fox* had to make a production out of the thing.

Miss Brewster raised her eyebrows. "If it's a personal matter, we'll just discuss it after class."

"Oh no," Della gasped. "Not today, *(Continued on page 71)*

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS...

1. Silvery charms garland a rayon gabardine school-and-date dress by Darna Lee. Pretty pastels. 7-13. About $18. Oppenheim Collins, N. Y.; Miller Bros., Chattanooga; Jempner's, Little Rock.

2. Sporting twosome. Part wool shirt and cuffed pedal pushers cut for action and attraction, by Romp-n Rest. 9-15. Shirt about $6, pedal pushers about $5. Hecht Company, Washington, D. C.

3. Tailored team. Jo-Collins' shirt-'n'skirt in rayon gabardine. 9-15. About $15. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Hale Bros., San Francisco.

4. New! Small boy knickers in Pacific flannel and cotton plaid shirt by Judy Barry. 9-15. About $9 and $4. Elder & Johnston, Dayton; Lysman, Wolfe & Co., Portland.

** St. Louis fashions at home on the Mississippi River.*
Photos by TREND STUDIOS.

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS...

1. Laura Lee's spun rayon confection is daintily ruffled with Irish lace, in pastels, soft and sweet. 9-15. About $11. Famous-Barr, St. Louis; May Company, Los Angeles.

2. Clear the track! "We're off to St. Louis" in Doris Dodson's butcher spun print. 7-15. About $9. Mandel Brothers, Chicago; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City.

3. Seventeen Jr. Teens' pastel in Reardon's Riobelle, touched with lace. 7x-13x. About $13. Oppenheim Collins, N. Y.; Hale Bros., San Francisco; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans.

4. Such richness—Minx Mode's tie silk print. Scalloped, and sequin-girdled. 9-15. About $19. Saks 34th St., N. Y.; Frost Brothers, San Antonio; Dayton Company, Minneapolis.

St. Louis fashions seen in front of the Park-Plaza Hotel in St. Louis, Mo. Photos by TREND STUDIOS.

STRAIGHT to YOUR HEAD

Getting to the root of the trouble with those 100,000 hairs on your shiny noggins, for all who care—and who doesn't?

kathleen j. norris

SOME boys notice a girl's eyes first, then her hair. Others say they look at a girl's hair first. Well, first, second or last, those 100,000 hairs on your head (count 'em in your spare time) are not to be sneezed at.

Reach up and pull one out. (You can spare it.) Hurts, doesn't it? Know why it hurts? Because each hair has a whole private network of nerves—that's why it hurts. Moreover, every hair has a root, a muscle and an individual oil gland! It's the cooperation of all these aides to each one of your 100,000 hairs that gives you that lush head of hair.

Did you say your hair wasn't as lush as you'd like it? If so, let's get to the root of the trouble. Could it be, for instance, that you don't brush your hair regularly? Possibly you're the type who thinks that the rule about brushing your hair 100 times a day was devised by some meanie merely to bore you and to make your arms tired. Actually, the hundred-strokes-a-day regimen nets big dividends by stimulating the circulation, exercising the scalp, and cleaning and shining the hair.

Maybe you figure that giving the hair its 100 is wasted motion because you're the type who gives it a good shampoo as regularly as Saturday rolls around. Nonsense! You know how dirty your face can get in a single day. Well, imagine how much dust and soot your hair can pick up in the same length of time, especially if you go bareheaded.

Getting back to those hundred strokes, hair experts recommend brushing with an upward motion and brushing by sections: first the front, then one side, after that the back, and finally the other side. One hundred divided by four equals 25, which is the number of strokes each section should get.

Some girls like to (*Continued on page 74*)

right up your ALLEY

by maurice basseches

1—Top-notcher Helen Fitzsimmons shows a group of eager beginners how to hold the ball using the pinky for balance.

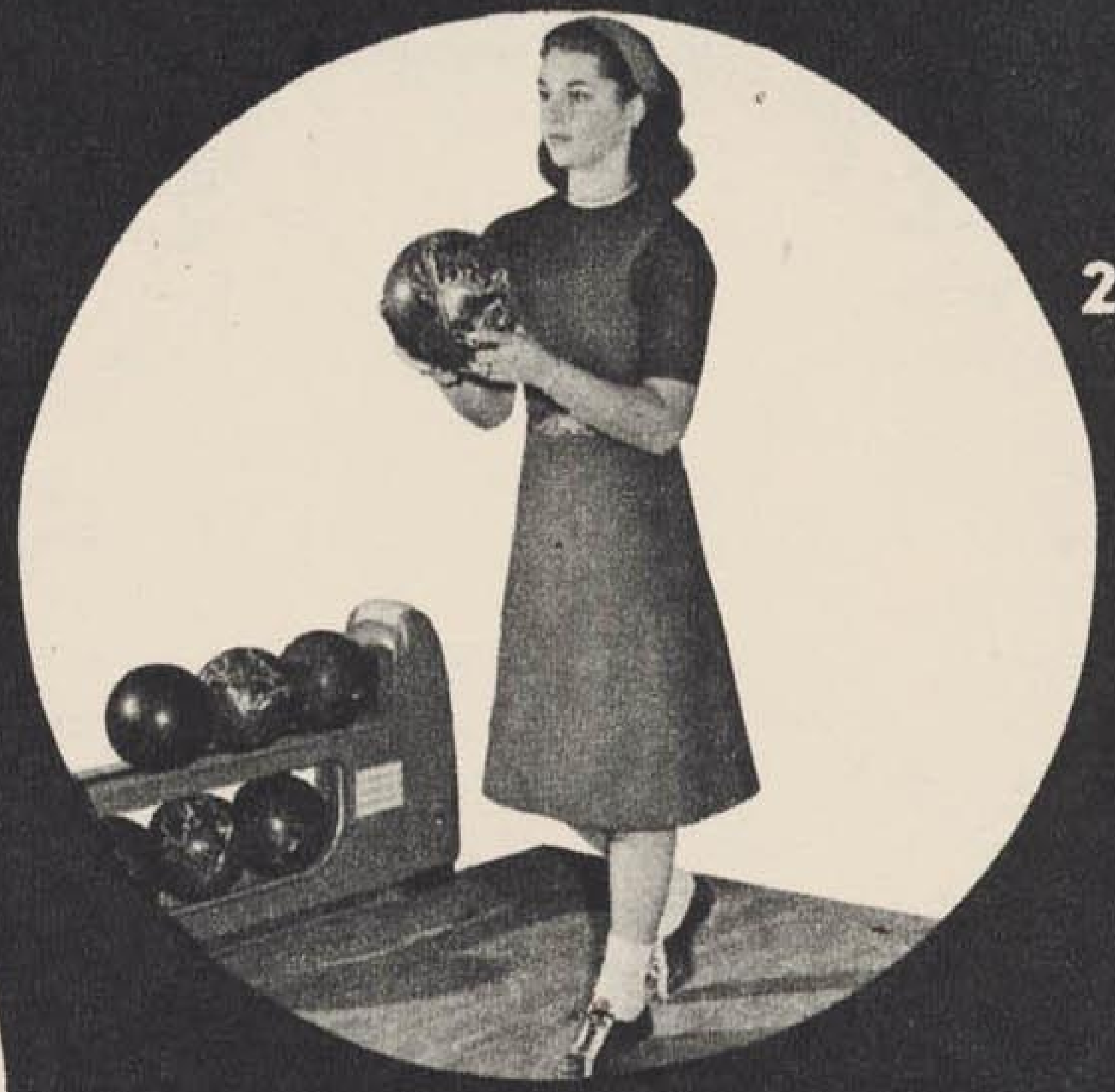
2—Here she goes into the delivery. Eyes straight ahead, on one specific point among the pins, she begins her motion.

3—Here comes the wind-up . . She gets a good swing in there so the ball will go spinning down the alley to its mark.

4—Following through, her eyes are still glued straight ahead on the target she aims for; her movements are well-coordinated.

5—And there it goes! Helen's whole body twists gracefully with the motion of the ball. You can bet it knocked 'em over!

1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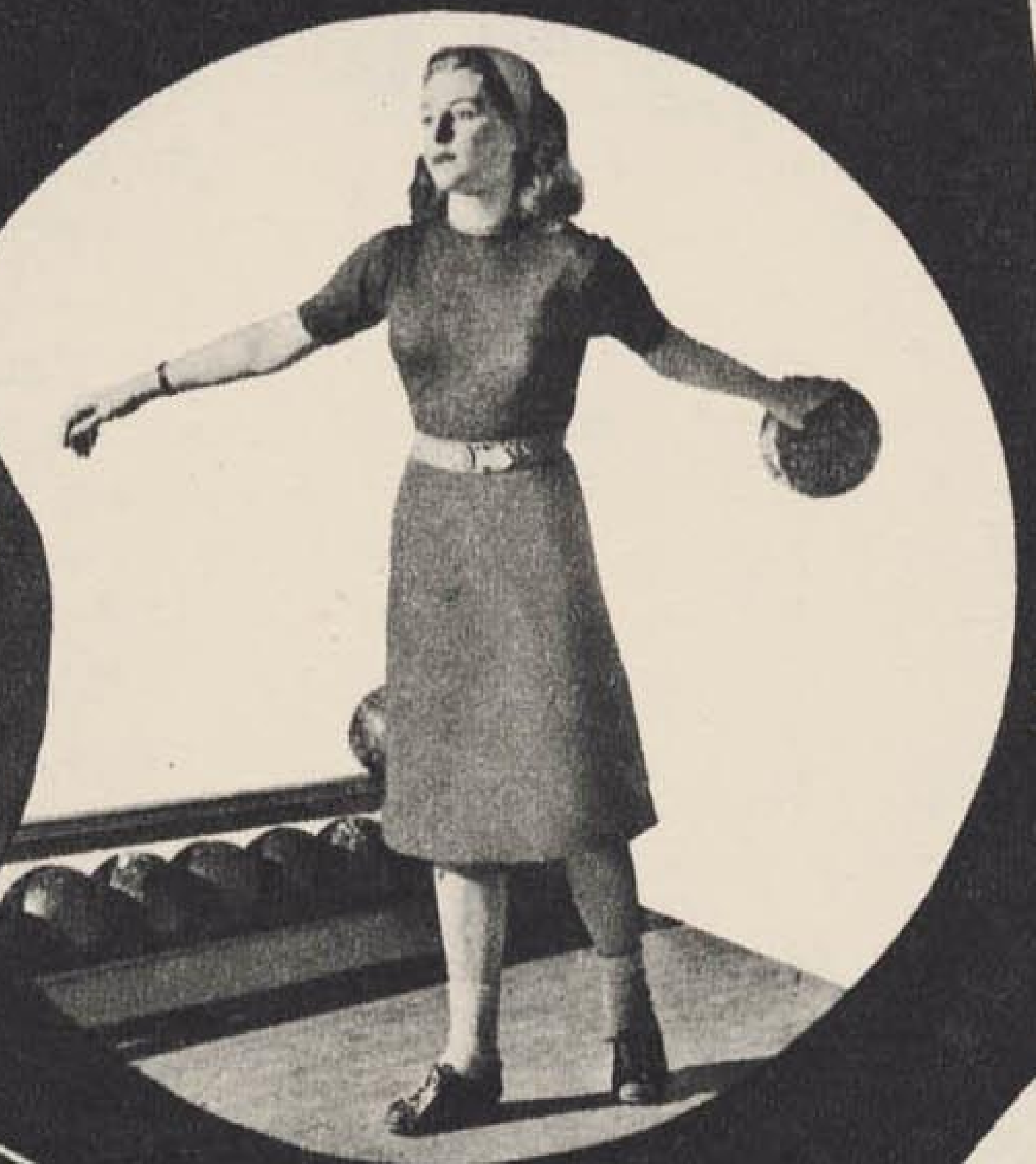
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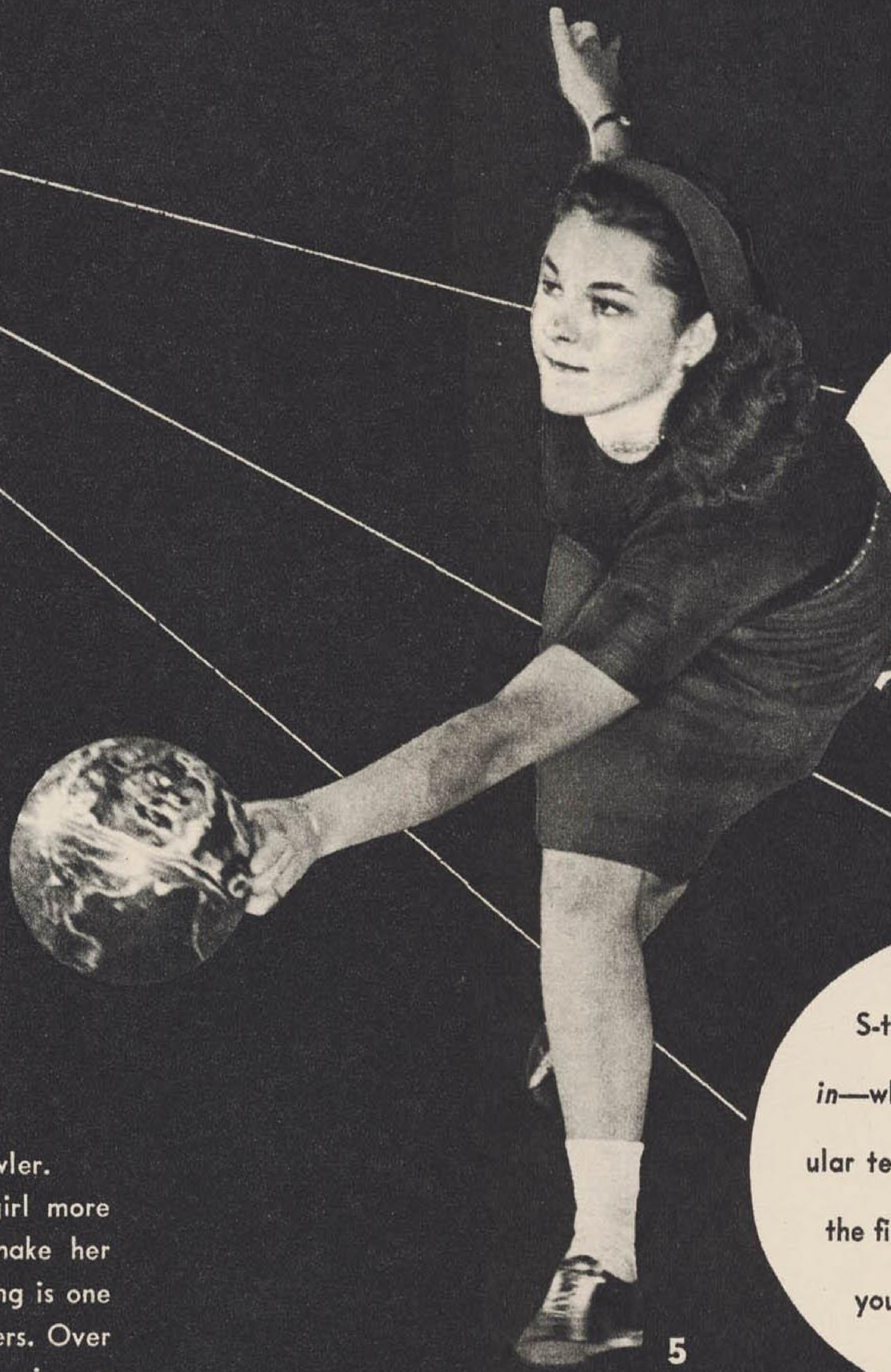
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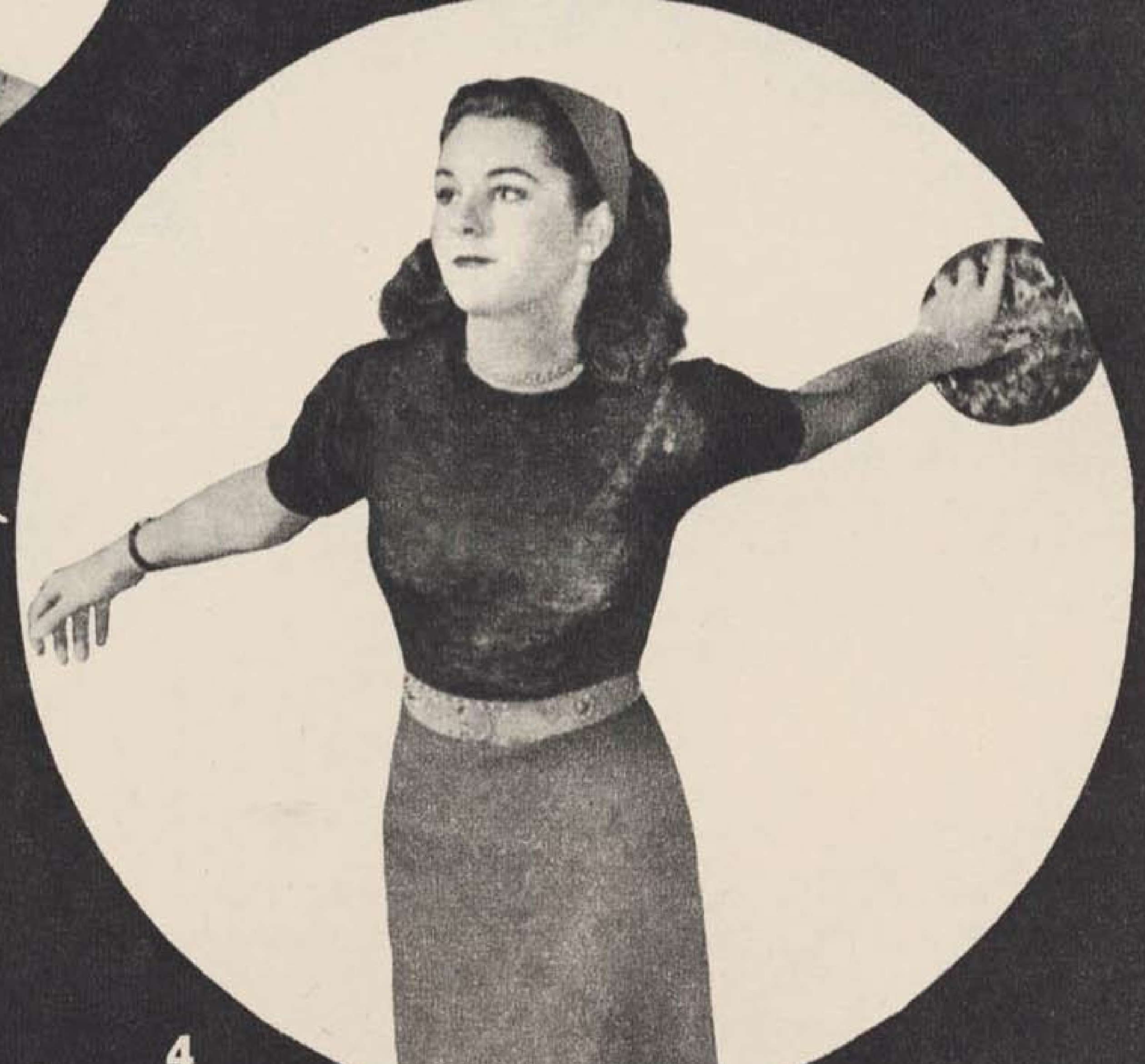
4

S-t-r-i-k-e! And you're *in*—when you play this popular teen sport . . . A few of the finer points here to help you bowl 'em over . . .

HELEN FITZSIMMONS is a very popular teen-ager. You might think it's because her father, Freddie, is one of the great baseball pitchers of all time. Or because he now owns some of the finest bowling alleys in the country.

Actually neither is the reason. It's that Helen is one of the best girl bowlers in America. Over a season her average score is 155. Her highest total has been 258.

Of course, the fact that Helen can work out on the dazzling Fitzsimmons' alleys in Brooklyn, New York, and that her dad is as deadly with a bowling ball as he once was with the horsehide has helped. She feels, though, that with practice any girl can become a good bowler.

And good bowling brings a girl more than fun and exercise. It can make her a really popular date. For bowling is one of the favorite sports of teen-agers. Over 1,500,000 of them aim at the tenpins on the country's *(Continued on page 64)*

HOW TO HANDLE FIRST CRUSHES

From page 21

matter so much. The fact that he was a good conversationalist seemed more important. Each year I had a new requirement. There was a time when I fell for almost every boy with blond hair. And yet John's hair is brown. (It does get blond, however, in the summer, so I have what I want part of the time.)

When I met John, I was going with several fellows. He intrigued me because he was so reserved, so mysterious. But it wasn't until several months later that I found he had more of the qualities I'd come to look for in a boy than any of the others. He impressed me because he was so straight-forward and sincere.

Because of my own experience, I think it's wise not to think that what you desire in a boy now will be what you'll want of him a few months later. It's better to wait and see how much your mood and your ideas change. Then, by the time you're ready for marriage, you'll pretty well know just what is important and what isn't.

I'm not speaking of crushes only from my own experience either. Several of my friends had gone through the stage. Most girls with crushes have one thing in general: they make it a point to let the boy know how they feel. I certainly don't recommend that especially for obtaining dates. Boys don't like girls who chase them or who protest their love too much. Yet every girl who has a crush tries so hard to impress her dream boy. She's either very coy, very dreamy, gay, or glamorous. She never thinks of being herself.

So I say—don't pursue the boy, don't telephone him, don't put on an act. Trying to impress someone is very unimportant as you'll find out when you actually fall in love. In marriage, if you feel like being quiet or alone, for example, he'll understand and respect your wishes. If you feel like chatting merrily, he'll go along with you. That's one of the reasons a real love is a richer and much fuller thing than a mere adolescent crush.

I've always gone with men older than I am. But I don't think age makes any difference in a crush or in real love. It's the individual that counts.

Many parents, I know, become quite alarmed when they see their daughter interested in an older man. Or even a boy, if they feel she is too young for anything serious. My mother and father used to tell me when they didn't like a date of mine. I must admit that such opposition only made the boy more intriguing to me. I was in the stage where I was going to defy the world. I thought I knew all there was to know. Of course, I gave my parents credit for some intelligence, but I was sure their ideas were outmoded. This stage lasted for about six years.

The opinions of my friends also had little importance—unless they raved about the boy. That always made me look at him very carefully and usually I found he wasn't nearly as exciting as I thought him to be.

I do believe that girls should listen to their parents, but I also think parents should be very subtle and careful when they're trying to manage anything as ticklish as a crush. If they make a big scene about it, a big issue, then the girl or the boy may very well decide to assert himself and do what is harmful. If the crush is a light little affair, I think the parents shouldn't interfere. But if it looks serious, then they should step in—but so carefully. It seems that we young people don't want advice or help. That's our trouble. We think we know too much. No one can tell us that what we feel today we may not feel at all tomorrow.

Here's Shirley with cute Peter Lawford, as they hurry to make a CBS broadcast. (P.S.—They made it!)

While I think crushes are inevitable, I don't believe in letting them go to undue lengths. If a boy and girl feel the same about each other and are obviously not equipped for anything as serious as marriage, the best way for them to wake up is to make it a point to go out on double dates or to go to parties. Suddenly, the old crush will be forgotten and there will be a new one. For a boy and a girl undergoing a momentary infatuation to be alone too much is very bad business as far as I'm concerned. You don't get a chance to do any comparing when you're with only one person.

When you read the papers today, you realize how important it is to meet all kinds of boys and girls. Too many young couples are getting married on the spur of the moment without being sure of their real feelings. Then come the monthly bills and the responsibilities that are anything but romantic. Not mature enough to meet such troubles, they find their marriage ending in divorce.

Such things are partly brought about because a crush is made to seem like real love. The urgency of the moment changes the entire picture. I think it's wise to remember that to really fall in love takes time. It doesn't come quickly. The best way to tell whether what you feel is a crush or the real thing is to be engaged to a boy for at least six months. You can go with a fellow for a long time, but only when you're engaged and are making plans for the future do you really get to know him—his faults and his good points.

I feel very keenly about this

matter because I conscientiously tried to work out my own life along these lines. While some people may think that I jumped into marriage, it's well to remember that I actually knew John quite a while before we were engaged and I had his ring for six months before I decided to marry.

But every crush has to have its effect, its ending. I know it's difficult not to take a crush seriously. And I know it would be silly of me to say it should be ignored. You can't control your heart that easily. But I do say that if you're in the middle of an infatuation, you should immediately find other interests—a new hobby, for instance. Keep your mind occupied.

After the feeling has gone and if unhappiness comes, don't let it disillusion you. Disillusionment is unnecessary because a crush is only a step in growing up. I think a girl is in love only about twice in her life—once with the boy of her first infatuation and once with the boy she marries. That first crush will always be real and she'll always remember it. But it won't hurt or bother her if she's sensible. She'll chalk it up simply as a nice experience. Something that taught her what she must expect in a boy when she's ready for marriage.

After all is said and done, go ahead and have your crushes. But remember that your first won't be your last. Others will come that will be just as serious. Yet—they'll all disappear into a haze, into nothing, when the completeness of real love comes your way.

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LONELY HEART

From page 41

that you haven't matured as rapidly as many of your friends. You may be dateless and lonely most of the way through high school, or even all of it, and suddenly, in college or out in the business world, find yourself popular, in the swim. So don't despair. Not all garden flowers bloom at exactly the same time. Neither do people. You may be a "late blossomer" and all the lovelier for it.

Then there is the possibility that you may have matured too fast, either physically or mentally, or both, so that interests which absorb your classmates seem childish to you, while adults still look upon you as a child, out of their realm. Time will adjust that, too—your friends will catch up to you, adults will accept you as one of them.

But you don't have to wait helplessly for the magic of time. You can hasten the day by doing some adjusting on your own, too. Let's talk about that.

At the party, giving the speech, on your first date, all those other disheartening times, your whole trouble was that you spent too much energy thinking of our heroine, *yourself*, too little about others. Honestly now, isn't that so?

Learning to put yourself in another's place isn't easy—what is easy about the fascinating process of growing up? But it can be done. And nothing is so well worth doing, for in this way you benefit yourself as well as others. Rarely is a selfish, self-absorbed person permanently popular. Self-confidence is one thing—that's the poise which is your reward for putting others first, which, after all is the basis of good manners. Vanity is entirely another. That's the bump of ego which grows from an ugly accumulation of "me."

However, it may very well be possible that you're a genuine misfit, so-called. Time won't solve your essential aloneness, nor should you really want it to! Don't be surprised. In that aloneness of yours may rest the key to future accomplishment, even greatness.

Fortunately the world isn't made up entirely of "birds of a feather" who "flock together." There are those who set their own course, follow their own God-given patterns, walk alone toward a goal which others do not even know is there! These are the inventors, the scientists, the philosophers, the statesmen, the poets, the musicians, the artists—the leaders who are responsible for human progress in every field, the benefactors of mankind.

Read the biographies of the great of the ages and you'll no doubt find that each famous one, in adolescence and even beyond, was considered, by the arbitrary standards of the average man, a misfit. His interests differed from those of his fellows, he walked alone. His friends were few, but those he had were fast and of a quality worth far more than the quantity of mere "acquaintances."

If this feeling of being a misfit is just a phase of growing up, you'll find out before long, and settle down happily to being a bird of a feather—your interests, aims, hopes and fears will be much like those of your next door neighbor—which is as it should be. But don't forget how it felt to be a misfit, don't neglect to give generously of your understanding and faith to those who don't grow out of it, who continue to be "different."

Relax. If you do feel self-conscious at parties, embarrassed in front of the class, apprehensive on dates, too grown up for contemporaries and too young for adults, or vice versa—don't worry. Your sensations aren't unique. Sooner or later, you'll find your place, whatever and wherever it is, whether among the throng or in that special niche which is waiting just for you.

Misfit, you think? Maybe, after all, there isn't any such thing actually. Probably it's just a matter of finding your right time and place. So, be patient—wait for your tomorrow.

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Florence Wright

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"When washing your comb, try using an old toothbrush to scrub it clean—it works wonders!"

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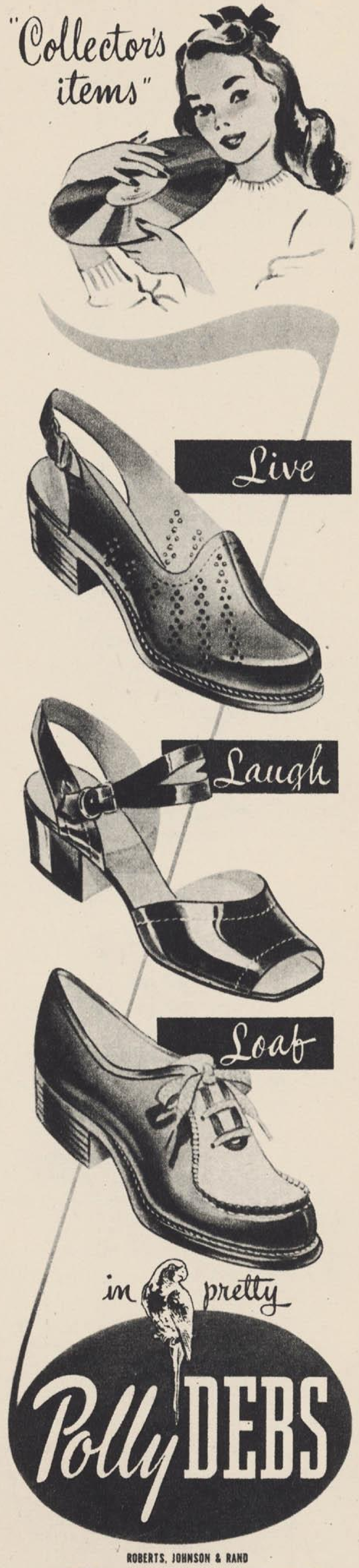
"Having trouble with your hair style? Here's how I solve my problems: I just cut out the face of a snapshot, place it on a piece of paper, and draw all different styles around it, the one which is most becoming to my face is the one I use."

Justine Miele

"Cut the top off an old silk stocking and put it over your curls at night. It fits snugly on your head and the pins do not come out. It's also thin enough to allow your hair to get good and dry before morning."

Shirley Hill



MY DATE WITH RORY CALHOUN

From page 27

dress my hair 'way up on my head, and still have to look up at him. Besides he wears clothes wonderfully, and has been said to look like he had just stepped from a tailor's on Bond Street.

Rory has a way with him that soon put me perfectly at ease, as though we had been long-time friends, even on that first date. When he asked me to dance he said, "I hope you like the rhumba. I do because you can't miss the beat." I discovered that he is an excellent dancer.

Rory is an exceptional boy. He is a perfect gentleman at all times, and while he has just celebrated his 25th birthday, August 8th, he still retains the charm of a little boy in some ways.

Rory was driving a blue car at the time of our first date. Later he traded it for a cream colored convertible, which he painted black "because with that cream color you can see yourself going and coming all of the time."

There was one special recent Sunday, when we had planned a picnic. Of course, it would rain. I rather wondered if Rory wouldn't telephone and call the date off. Instead, he arrived promptly, wearing the loudest plaid shirt I'd ever seen, and lumberjack pants and boots. And an old Howard Hughes lucky hat, that obviously had seen him through many a forest fire. For the occasion I had baked cupcakes, and Rory said, "Let's take the cupcakes and go picnicking anyway."

We drove all over the valley in the rain, and talked over our likes and dislikes, then picnicked on big, juicy hamburgers at a drive-in, and finished with my cupcakes.

A rainbow came out and we drove home with the car windows opened. Which brings me directly to the point. Rory had entrusted me with his lucky hat. I threw it on the back seat. All of a sudden he asked for "my hat," and I looked back to discover it was gone!

Imagine losing his most precious possession, a lucky hat that he had always worn, on our second date!

Rory's police dog was our chaperone and sat on the back seat, looking at me with real suspicion. Every few minutes he put his head on Rory's shoulder—between us, as if to say, "Don't get too close to Rory. No females allowed."

Rory used to box a great deal at school, and never lost a bout. He is a boy to be admired, especially for making his own way. His father was lost at sea when he was only seven months old. Rory was born in Hollywood, one of the few native products. He banked all of his fistic earnings in his mother's name, then feeling that she had security, he set out to find adventure. He's been a truck driver, farm hand, lumberjack, and today he's one of the most promising young actors in Hollywood. His start in pictures began when Rory met Alan Ladd at a riding stable, and Alan introduced him to his wife-agent, Sue Carol. She, too, promptly recognized his talent. Rory's new picture is "The Red House" for Sol Lesser.

Flowers and perfumes and candy are things Rory doesn't think about bringing his date, but he's very thoughtful in many other ways. During the meat shortage he arrived one day with a large roast of pork carefully cooked. He emphasized that he had cooked it himself (he's a fine chef and cooked most of the time when he had a house).

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

But Gertrude—just because I asked you if you could cook, you don't have to jump to conclusions!

A film editor at my studio, Watson Webb, is one of Rory's close friends. They are always going on hunting trips together. In fact, before our most recent date to a premiere Rory telephoned before dinner: "Cathy, I'm going hunting for bear. Why? To get you a new rug to pose on at the studio, for those glamour girl stills, of course," he said. Then seriously, "Before Watson and I take off for a sleuthing of yon mountains will you honor me with your attendance at the premiere?"

Just back from location in the Arizona desert for "My Darling Clementine" I was delighted. "I'll telephone you in between to make sure of the time," he said.

On the appointed night Rory arrived early. He is always punctual. When I made my debut in the living room, ten minutes later, he said, "Oh what a nice dress. You've put on weight."

That floored me. "I'm sorry," he grinned, teasingly. "I think you look lovely in that blue satin number, and I do think the weight is becoming."

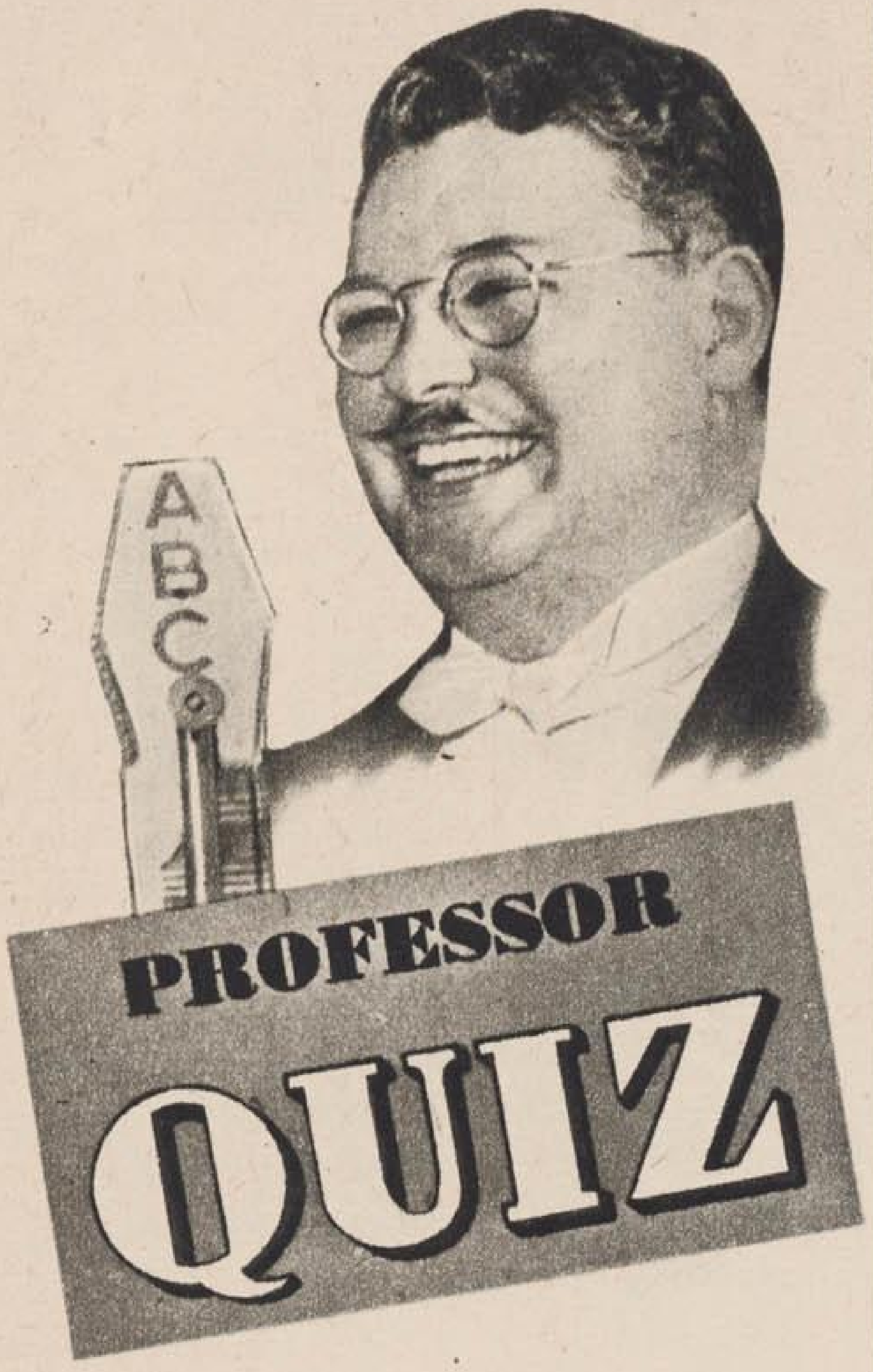
That's how Rory is. Mother made some cheese and cracker hors d'oeuvres while he waited. I didn't bother to eat dinner, for we were going to supper after the premiere. Then we were off.

"Who's that? Who's that?" the fans asked as we came in. Several came up and asked for our autographs.

Afterwards we joined Diana Lynn and her date at Ciro's, where a wonderful steak with mustard sauce had been ordered. But we couldn't resist a rhumba, not even at the expense of letting our steak cool.

I don't think Rory got much sleep that night, but took straight off on his hunting trip, to get that bear.

"Something new for you," he said. "A cinnamon bear rug to pose on, instead of the proverbial white!"



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1. Name the first month of the Roman Year.

2. Why is Ash Wednesday so called?

3. Name six objects suggestive of St. Patrick's Day.

4. What does Mardi Gras Day mean?

5. Since no one knows the date of St. Patrick's birth, how is it celebrated on March 17?

6. Give the total of dates on which these occur: Washington's Birthday, New Year's Day and St. Patrick's Day.

Answers

1. March.

2. From the Roman custom of sprinkling ashes (consecrated on Palm Sunday the year before) upon the people's heads.

3. Clay pipe, tall hat, shamrocks, snakes, pigs and potatoes.

4. "Farewell to Meat" or "Fat Tuesday."

5. There were two schools of thought. One said he was born March 9th, but others said March 8th. They agreed to combine them, thus making it the 17th!

6. (February) 22 + (January) 1 + (March) 17 = 40.

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RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY

From page 57

70,000 alleys each year.

Bowling dates rank high among things-to-do either in a mixed crowd or with the members of a girls' club. Since rolling a game costs only about thirty-five cents, an evening at a bowling alley (with a few thirst-quenching soft drinks thrown in) is comparatively inexpensive.

What tips on better bowling does Helen offer?

"Well, to begin at the beginning," she says, "you want to pick a ball that fits your hand." While Helen prefers the two-finger ball, most girls will use the three-holed cannon ball. (This is the one Helen uses in the illustrations for this article). "Fit your thumb first," Helen advises. "The fit should be neither too loose nor too tight. Then you should be able to insert your second finger into the next hole up to the second joint. The same goes for your third finger."

If you follow Helen's advice you will be able to "span" the ball comfortably, without stretching your fingers too much or cramping them. Use your two free fingers to brace the ball. All your digits count so don't let your pinky curl in the air as if you were holding a teacup.

Once you've hit upon the right grip on the ball you are ready to find out what to do with it. This is called "delivery." It *doesn't* mean walking up to the foul line and weakly dropping the ball. That will only make it crawl lazily down the alley. It *may* knock over some tenpins but more often it will just slide harmlessly into the gutter. Accuracy is the main idea but you do want to get up enough steam to knock over as many pins as possible.

Constant practice is the only road to bowling success. Only time can coordinate your arms and legs in the proper rhythmic combination. "Delivery is either a slow run or a fast walk," Helen points out with a completely straight face.

The hand and the eye also play a part in this smooth symphony of delivery. Just where you look when you bowl is still a subject of argument among the experts, who are divided into two camps—pin bowlers and spot bowlers.

According to Helen, "the pin bowlers claim you should look at the one-three pocket—the space between the first (or head) pin and the pin behind it to the right—and roll the ball into it. The spot bowlers agree that you should get the ball into the one-three pocket but they say that the place to *look* is a spot on the alley. This is usually the fifth strip of wood at the 'splice,' the point twenty feet from the foul line where the planks of maple and yellow pine meet."

The real advantage of spot bowling is that it enables you to correct your delivery. If your ball doesn't curve into the one-three pocket at first, you can shift your aiming spot to the left or the right until the ball strikes accurately. This is the system most bowling champions use. It's the plan to follow if you want to reach the top in the sport.

Ability to place the ball exactly where you want it is a must for all champions. That's what they mean by "control." "It's the same ability a baseball pitcher needs," Helen says. "And that's probably why it helps to have a famous twirler for a father," she adds with a smile.

Your arm is like a pendulum; it should swing the ball gracefully down the alley. It's a good idea to remember that you don't want to tire your arm just holding the ball. If the ball feels like a deadweight by the time you get to the foul line you won't be able to do much with it.

Copying her lines for her debut in "The Fabulous Dorseys" by United Artists is cute 18-year-old Sherry Sherwood. Good luck, Sherry!

So the first step in delivery is made resting the ball, usually at waist height, in your *left* hand. (That is, if you bowl right-handed; the reverse is true for southpaws). You should start your delivery about ten or twelve feet behind the foul line, planning to reach the strip in four steps as Helen does.

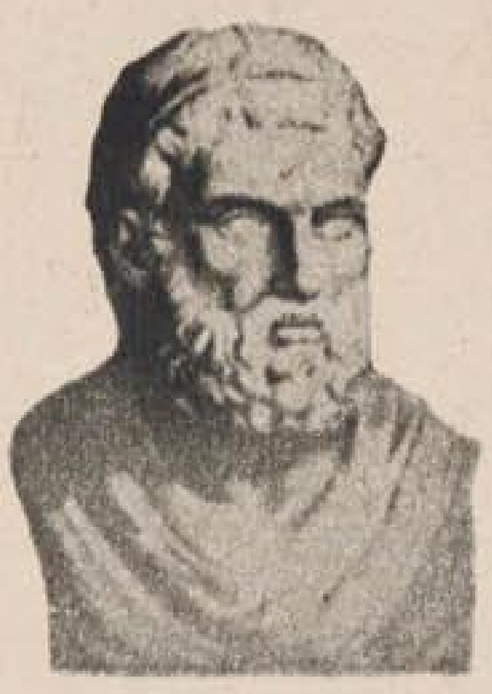
On your second step you are swinging the ball back with your pendulum-arm. By the third step the ball is at the top of its backward arc. On the fourth step your arm has come forward and you let the ball go down the alley.

As in all sports and dancing, rhythm is the keynote in this "bowling four-step." Sound footwork is the real foundation of a good game. In the first and third steps your right foot is forward. On the second and fourth your left foot is out front. You can see just how this works in the four pictures of Helen Fitzsimmons in action.

"When it comes to tossing curves, that's where your hand enters the bowling picture," Helen explains. As you can see in the photograph of the fourth step in her delivery, Helen's hand is twisting up as she lets the ball go. This gives it the "English" or spin that grips the alley on the way down and really knocks over the wood.

You will notice that Helen's pinky is firmly on the ball. With her third finger, it will give the final push that spins the ball into the one-three pocket. (By the way, for the purposes of the picture, Helen is holding the ball higher off the alley than she normally does. The idea is to lay the ball down noiselessly. That keeps it more truly on the beeline to the headpin).

For the higher mathematics of keeping score, if you can remember, though, that a "strike" (or knocking down all the pins on your first ball) permits you to add ten points to the tally of your next two balls and that a "spare" (knocking down all the pins with two balls) entitles you to add ten points to your next ball, you will have down pat the main idea in scoring. Good bowling!



SOPHOCLES WAS HER PIN-UP

From page 19

died in 1748. Get up, Booksie!"

A tiny, fugitive smile flitted across Booksie's lips but otherwise she gave no indication that she'd heard her mother.

"Hm," mused Mrs. Borden, "maybe this'll do it—'Get up sweet Slug-a-bed and see, the Dew bespangling Herbe and Tree.' *Corinna's Going a-Maying* by Robert Herrick, 1591-1667."

Without opening her eyes Booksie announced, "Sophocles, circa 496-406, B.C., had a word for women like you, Mother. He said, 'None love the messenger who brings bad news.' He also said, and I trust present company will not be offended, 'A woman should be seen, not heard.' "

Booksie rolled over on her side and began to fumble about the bed stand on which the bust of Sophocles stood. She paused a moment to pat the ancient poet on the pate, murmured "Nice ol' Sophy" and continued to fumble. Presently, from behind Sophocles, she unearthed a pair of heavy-framed harlequins. She put them on and sat up, looking, her mother thought, like a startled owl.

"But," Mrs. Borden reassured herself, "Owls never have heavenly blue eyes, do they?"

Booksie swung her legs over the side of the bed, felt her way into a pair of scuffled mules, patted Sophocles affectionately once more and clumped out of the room.

"Breakfast will be ready in five minutes, dear," Mrs. Borden warned. "Hurry!"

Reassured by busy splashings from the bathroom, she opened a closet door, selected a smart dress and laid it on the bed.

"Sophocles!" she said. "Sophocles the pin-up! It isn't right! When *I* was sixteen my dressing table was loaded with pictures of boys. I guess I had more beaux than any girl in town."

Thinking of her conquests, Mrs. Borden blushed rosily and hurried downstairs to find her husband seated patiently at the dining room table, peering quizically over the morning newspaper.

" 'Life'," quoted Professor Borden, " 'has few pleasanter prospects than a neatly arranged and well-provisioned breakfast table.' *The House of Seven Gables* by Nathaniel Hawthorne. This table is neatly arranged but where are the provisions? I'm starving."

"Professor Borden," his wife said heavily. "For 18 years I've listened to excerpts from Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. I do not complain. I consider it my just lot because I fell in love with a man who recited beautifully in the moonlight. But this thing has gone far enough. I wake my daughter in the morning and what do I hear? Not 'Good morning, Mother,' which you'd naturally expect from a normal, healthy good-looking girl. What I get is quotations from Sophocles. It's eerie. Booksie should be quoting good looking boys of her own age, football captains and things, not a Greek poet who has been dead more than two thousand years. I did not raise my daughter to be a classical Quiz Kid, Horace Borden, and I won't stand for it. And you can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"But I don't smoke a pipe," Professor Borden protested mildly.

Ignoring her husband, Mrs. Borden continued, "and furthermore if you'd like the source of that last quotation it was from the Remarks of Mary Borden, housewife, circa, 1946."

Mrs. Borden carried in the breakfast, poured her husband's coffee and sat down in chill silence. Booksie clattered downstairs, skidded to a neat stop beside her chair and began, "Sophocles once said—"

"Ixnay," whispered her father from behind his paper. "Ophoclesay is orbiddenfay ouryay othermay aysay!"

"Eyeway?" asked Booksie.

Her mother said, "Because I've had enough of the classics to last me until I'm a grandmother which will be never if you don't get more

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feminine and less bookish. I can talk pig Latin, too."

Mrs. Borden started to sniffle into her napkin. The professor galloped around the table to kiss his wife comfortingly on the top of the head, murmuring, "There, there, Mary. I promise never to show off my scholarship again!"

Booksie said, "Yes, Mother, we promise. Father and I will stop acting like Quiz Kids. We only behaved that way because we thought the high school principal and his daughter ought to be smarter than everybody else."

Her mother dried her eyes, smiled mistily, and told her daughter, "You know, Booksie, it really isn't your fault. Your father made you a bookworm. Do you know that when you were a baby he taught you to say Aristotle and Longfellow before you learned to say Da-Da and Ma-Ma?"

"Hey!" the professor said. "We'll be late for school. As Lord Byron said, 'All farewells—' "

"Horace Borden! You just promised!"

"What I meant, my dear," Professor Borden hedged quickly, "was it is time to amscray. So long, Toots!"

She was worried sick about Booksie, Mrs. Borden confided to her friend, Liz Fairburn. Her daughter had never shown an interest in anything but books.

"I don't believe she even knows there are such persons as that Van what's-his-name or Frankie!" said Mrs. Borden.

"I wish *my* daughter had never heard of them," Liz replied.

"You know what I mean, Liz. I'm alarmed because she has never had a crush on a movie actor or a baseball hero. The only man she has ever noticed is Sophocles."

"Sophocles?" Mrs. Fairburn thought a moment and then said brightly, "Oh! I think I know who you mean. He's a poet! And considerably older than Booksie, if I'm not mistaken. Well, all girls go through a period when they like older men."

Mrs. Borden laughed. "Well, yes. He is older than Booksie. Enough older so that I'm not worried about the affair in the way you mean. Liz Fairburn, Sophocles has been dead for 2,000 years! I do wish she'd get interested in one or two nice boys of her own age."

That afternoon after classes, Booksie walked through a door marked: Horace Borden, Principal, and sat down placing her feet on her father's desk.

"Princey, old principal," she told him, "We've got to do something about Mother. I mean we've got to do something about me for Mother."

"I've been thinking about it ever since breakfast," her father confessed, "And I've come to the conclusion that your Mother is right. You ought not to be so bookish. You should go to games and dances. You should have friends among the opposite sex."

"But dances are silly, Father. And as for boys, I can't think of one who has an I.Q. higher than that of a child of four!"

"You will discover, my dear, that dances and parties and boys are enjoyable if you will only acquire a taste for them. But first the boys must acquire a taste for you and that's your job. As George, Lord Lyttleton, aptly put it in *Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country:* 'Where none admire, 'Tis useless to excel; Where none are beaux, 'Tis vain to be a belle.'

Professor Borden reached for his daughter's ankles, lowered her feet to the floor.

"Come, Booksie," he said firmly, "We're going to make a normal 16-year-old out of you even if it kills us. And I think that a friend of mine will help us out."

Song-and-laugh men. Jimmy "The Schnozz" Durante knocks out Frankie "The Voice" Sinatra, on the CBS "Songs by Sinatra" show.

Professor Borden led Booksie into the most expensive beauty salon in town. A sophisticated vision in a form-fitting Paris creation removed a foot-long cigarette holder from between bright lips to greet them.

"Ah, but *oui.* Eeet ees the good Professair Borden! And thees, *je pense,* is the M'amselle Borden, *non?* I am Madame Bibideaux!"

"You are Millie Gallagher," corrected Professor Borden, "and probably the worst student I ever had in French II."

"You got me, Prof," said Madame Bibideaux, "but don't give me away. What can I do for you? —Don't answer that question. There's nothing I can do for you but I can do plenty for this youngster. Have to wear those glasses?"

"Not exactly," Booksie replied.

Madame Bibideaux removed the spectacles, peered intently for a moment and whistled.

"If I had a face like that," she announced, "I'd never hide it behind these things."

She dropped the glasses on the floor, ground them with a gratifying, crushing sound under an extravagant high heel and announced, "Now, like the little Girl Scout I am, I've done my good deed for the day. Anything else you need?"

"What we want, Millie—I mean, Madame Bibideaux—is to make Booksie attractive to the opposite sex and to teach her to vice versa. In other words if you can give her a few pointers on how to be happy with boys instead of books and at the same time make changes in her exterior which will arouse pleasant sentiments in the bosoms of young men I will be greatly indebted."

"Can do," said Madame Bibideaux.

It was some hours later, and outside the darkening shadows indicate the passing of the dinner. Inside, Mrs. Borden sat at the table, her plate untouched. Anxiously, she voiced her cares, "I can't understand why Booksie hasn't come home. This is the first time she has ever been late. I do hope nothing has happened."

"There's nothing to worry about, my dear," Professor Borden reassured her, "although, if I know Millie Gallagher, something has probably happened to her. But·good. I quote from the poet, Aristophanes, 'Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash—' "

"Horace! Don't you dare!

At this moment the front door opened to let in two fresh young voices, Booksie's and another.

" 'Night, Carla!" said the young male voice warmly. "Remember, it's a date for the game Saturday afternoon and the prom Sunday night."

Booksie replied, " 'Night, Alvin! Call me later?"

"You bet I will, Carla!" the voice promised.

"Carla? Carla? Who's Carla," mused Mrs. Borden.

"Carla's your daughter, Mrs. B.," the professor said, "Remember, we named her that before the kids began calling her Booksie."

Booksie drifted—nay, floated—into the room, a radiant Booksie.

"Where are your glasses?" demanded her mother.

"Isn't Alvin wonderful?" Booksie asked. "He whistled at me. Three boys whistled at me while I was walking home from you-know-where, Father. Alvin whistled the politest. Isn't he wonderful, Mother? Aren't boys wonderful? Why didn't you tell me these things before?"

Mrs. Borden shook her head dazedly.

" 'Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style, amaze th' unlearned, and make the learned smile.' Alexander Pope, 1688-1744. Daughter come here and let your mother kiss you, you wonderful normal creature!"

Some weeks later of an early evening, Mrs. Borden sat on her child's bed staring at regiments of portraits of young men which adorned the dressing table. From downstairs came music and snatches of talk and laughter. Carla was giving a party.

Sophocles, still sitting on the bedside table, looked a little downcast so Mrs. Borden patted him on the head.

"Don't take it so hard, Sophocles," she said. "She was too young for you anyway and you know how fickle we are. In fact you said once and I quote, 'A woman's vows I write upon the wave.' "

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S

From page 10

sentence you wrote from the standpoint of pressure used, which you can tell by noticing whether the letters are dark or light, thin or heavy. If your letters are light and your up-and-down strokes are thin, the chances are that you're not too keen in the hearing-seeing-smelling-testing-feeling department. On the other hand, if your letters are thick and your downward strokes heavy, you're probably a healthy little number who can see in the dark like an owl, hear someone coming up the street before your dog, Toby.

The slant of your letters tells your need for affection or lack of need. If your writing is straight up and down, more than likely you're more or less indifferent to affection. You're fun in a crowd and you're more of a girl's girl than date-bait.

The more your letters slant to the right, the more affectionate you are. If your letters slant only slightly, you're your parents darling and your boy friend's chum. You aren't awfully affectionate but your fondness for a person is sincere. If your letters slant more than slightly, your liking for affection is normal.

If your letters slant even more to the right, yet are neat and legible, you're really quite affectionate and a little too demonstrative. If your letters slant far, but really, to the right, so much so that they're difficult to read, Lady beware, you're TOO emotional and possibly even hysterical!

Handwriting that slants to the left tells just as much about the writer but mostly 'tain't good! You're either timid, emotionally repressed, or you've had an unhappy bust-up with the boy friend. Which is it?

And how's your disposition? It's revealed by the slant of the complete sentence. You're an even-tempered lass if your sentence kept an even keel. You're gay and in high spirits if your sentence gained altitude—as if making for the upper right hand corner of the page. You're unhappy or ill if it takes the downward slope. If each word in your sentence dropped a little (instead

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of all the letters slanting down) you're something!

Now, let's try your letters for size. If they're small and low, you may be stingy. If the first letter of your word is larger than the other letters—you're the tactful type! If, however, the last letter in your word is the largest, you're probably gullible and naive. If all your letters are large and well-spaced, you're generous, honest and conscientious!

If your sentence was written swiftly, you're a vivacious number—the life of the party. If your writing shows you take time and are deliberate—you probably take life the same.

But what about your individual letters? Take a look at the first letter, "I." If it's as much as four times as high as the next letter, "m" you're too proud. If it's only twice as high, with a well defined loop, you're a self-respecting gal, and neat to the bargain.

The next letter, "m," may tell something about you that your boy friend would like to know. If it's nice and fat (the "m," not the boy friend) you're the cuddlebug type! If you make a capital "M" very flowery, you're vain!

Did you form a loop on the *g* in *going?* You're neat and generous. If it ends with a downward stroke, you have lots of fun.

Oh, oh—did you remember to close your "o?" Well, good. You can keep a secret even though your handwriting can't.

Now look at the "t's" in your sentence. How did you cross them? Is your cross bar definite and dashing? You're daring and unafraid! Does the line gently soar high above the "t?" You have a temper. No? Did you begin crossing your "t" lightly, and end it with more pressure? You're sincere with an enduring emotion. Perhaps you do just the opposite—make the beginning of your stroke heavy and let it fade to a light gray? Then you get excited easily and lose interest quickly. If your bar started out but didn't quite make it across the "t," you're a lazy one! If you crossed your "t" without taking your pencil off the page—you're apt to be fussy and even henpeck your husband (when you get one, natch!)

Your "r" is important. If it's too-too perfect, you're only concerned with what others think of you. If it's just well-written, you're a nice, precise young lady.

Now, it might be fun to find out what your friends' p's and q's tell. Become the graphology expert of the crowd. And, have fun!

RELUCTANT ROMEO

From page 23

man's. Of course, she knew the answer to that. Jobs weren't too plentiful for boys in Gladtown, and her father paid higher wages than anyone. It was just his policy. So after Johnny told her how pleased he was about the job, she would say casually, "I talked dad into giving it to you."

At that point in her speculation, Dottie could all but feel Johnny catching both her hands. His brown eyes, under that mop of red hair, would stop being polite and formal and get all warm and shining. "Did you honestly, Dottie?" he'd want to know.

Naturally, she would make light of the whole thing, because she wouldn't want him to feel obligated to her. She just wanted him to know she was the kind of girl who could appreciate a boy's ambitions and try to help him.

She glanced toward the other side of the store where Johnny was intent on replenishing the bins with winesap apples and big, white Idaho potatoes, and hugged herself ecstatically. She could hardly wait for closing time.

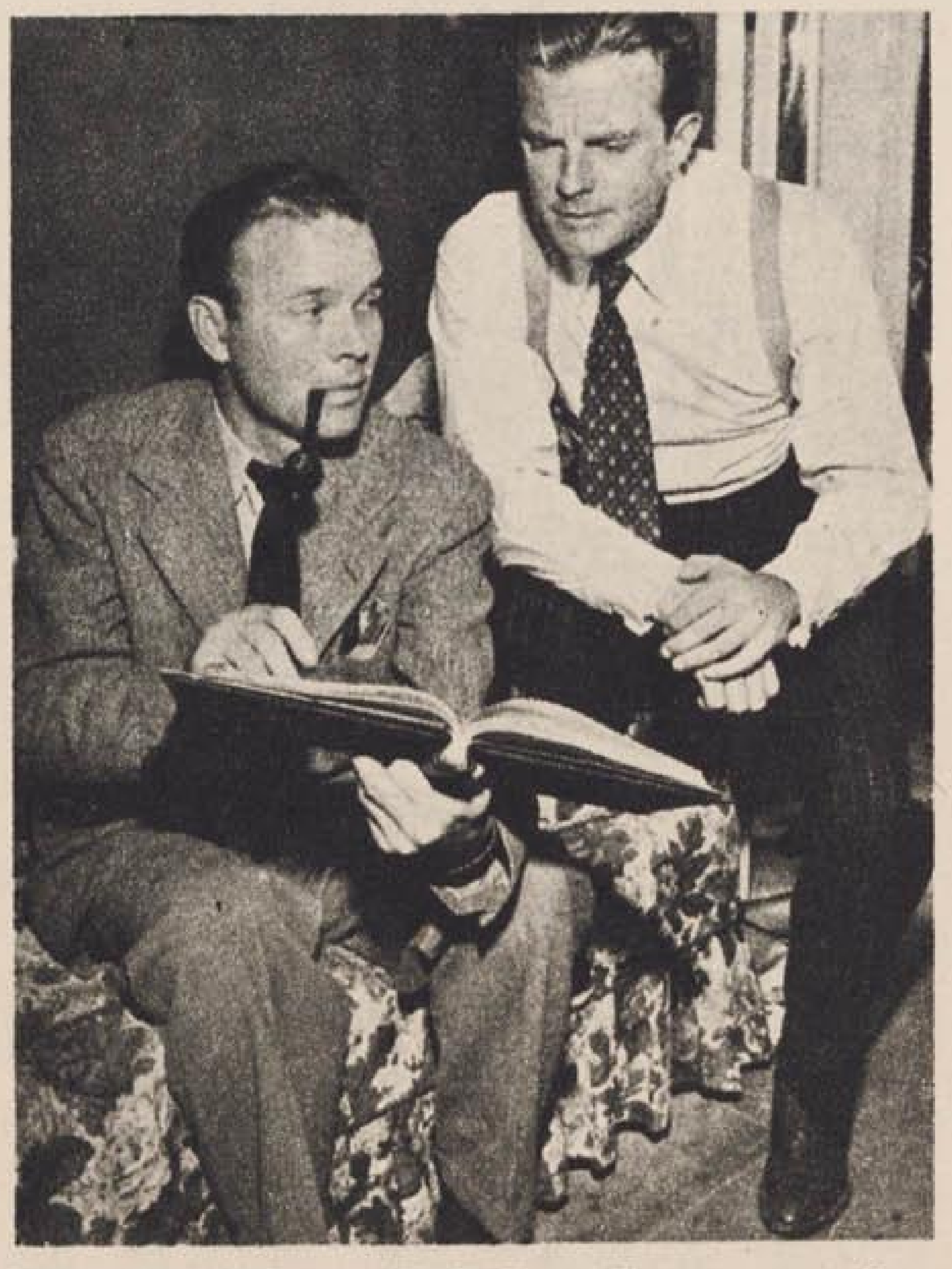
"Well, I see my head display woman's in top form this morning."

Half surprised to find that she had been arranging eye-catching displays of piece-goods while her thoughts had scurried about, Dottie turned to smile at her father. Thumbs hooked in his coat pockets, he was surveying her work and nodding his satisfaction.

"What do you mean—head display woman?" Dottie demanded. "I'm assistant manager and you know it!"

Her father's eyes, gray like her own, twinkled fondly, but he puffed at his pipe silently.

Because she knew he got a kick out of her proprietary interest in the store, she persisted,



Romantic lead Bill Lundigan, studying his lines for United Artists' "The Fabulous Dorseys" over the shoulder of director Howard Hawks.

"Well, aren't I?"

"Oh, I suppose so," he grumbled, "Next thing I know you'll be demanding a vice-presidency."

Dottie giggled. "Say, that's an idea! Why don't you, dad—make me a vice-president? Then I could get write-ups as the youngest executive in the world. I'll bet nobody else ever got to be vice-president at seventeen."

"No, and neither will you, young lady," her father took his pipe out of his mouth and pointed it at her emphatically. "You're impertinent enough as it stands. Here you have forced me into hiring an employee I don't need."

"Yes, but Johnny needed the job. Besides, that ought to prove I'm V. P. material."

Her father chuckled. "That merely proves your father is putty in your hands, if you ask me. But let me tell you something, young lady, if you don't improve on those geometry grades, he won't be so easy to handle."

"Oh, pooh," Dottie wrinkled her small nose at him. "You'll be sorry," she teased, "when I go to New York and manage a store ten times this big."

"No doubt." With a final glance around, he started for the door. "I'm going to get a cup of coffee before the rush for your services starts."

But halfway there, he turned back, and Dottie, laughing, said, "I just won a dime from myself."

"How's that?" But he was already beginning to look sheepish.

"You know perfectly well I bet myself you wouldn't get to that door without coming back."

With an it's-no-use gesture, her father said, "I had a good reason for coming back. I want you to have Johnny fill a basket and take it over to Mrs. Pipes. She hasn't bought enough food the last month to keep a bird alive."

Dottie's gray eyes grew wide with concern. Mrs. Pipes was past seventy and one of her favorite people. "And she made some cookies for me the last time I went to see her!" she cried. "Hasn't she any money, dad?"

"Well, she can't have much," Mr. Barman said thoughtfully. "Dan Pipes, poor old man, didn't leave a dime of insurance, but don't worry, we'll take care of her. Run on," he patted her shoulder, "and get Johnny started."

Dottie didn't lose a minute Dashing over to the grocery department, she grabbed up a basket and hooked it over her blue-sweatered arm. She spied Johnny in the back of the store stacking boxes of soap powder.

She stopped a few feet away from him, "How about lending a strong right arm?"

Johnny whirled about, tossing his red hair back with that half-impatient gesture she admired, and extended his freckled arm with a flourish. "It's all yours," he grinned.

But when she had finished explaining about Mrs. Pipes, he was biting his lower lip, and his face wore a strange expression.

Puzzled, Dottie asked, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing—I—" he hesitated. "Well, are you sure she's going to like this?"

Dottie stared at him in amazement. "Why, of course she will, silly! What ever made you think she wouldn't?"

He shrugged. "Oh, it was just an idea of mine. Something you wouldn't understand at all."

"Why, Johnny, I would," she insisted. "Please tell me what you mean."

But he was already reaching for the basket. "We'd better get busy," he said.

Preceding him up one aisle and down the other as she made her selections, Dottie was still bewildered by his attitude. It was ridiculous to suppose that Mrs. Pipes wouldn't be pleased over the basket. After all, *she needed* these things. And people who were fortunate enough to have plenty ought to help those in need. Her father always said so.

She wanted to explain to Johnny, but by the time they had finished, the store was full of customers, and she had time for no more than a hasty, "Be sure to take it out on the first delivery," before she hurried back to the section she called her department.

Dottie might have forgotten the incident altogether if Mrs. Pipes hadn't shown up. Dottie had a busy day, snipping off yards of print and flowered cretonne, wrapping up white socks and gray work shirts, poking hairnets and safety pins into small bags.

By the time the six o'clock lull came, she was glad to park her elbows on the counter and draw a long breath. Only another hour, she told herself happily, and glanced over her shoulder in search of Johnny. But he was not in sight, and then she remembered that he was out on his last delivery.

It was then that the screen door opened, and Mrs. Pipes stepped inside. For an instant, she stood there looking about her, and Dottie noticed she was wearing her best black dress.

"Hello," she called, but instead of coming forward, the old lady turned back, and holding the door open with her foot, began easing a small red wagon, laden with packages, up the steps. Dottie rushed to her assistance.

"There, that does it," she said when they had the wagon safe inside. "How are you, Mrs. Pipes? It's good to see you out." She couldn't imagine what on earth the wagon contained.

"It's good to be out." Standing straight as an arrow, the old lady smiled at her. "I'll declare, Dottie," she said, "You get prettier every time I see you." She bent to the wagon and picked up the top package. "Here, I brought you some of those chocolate cookies you like so much."

"Oh, goody," she dug in the

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HELP THE RED CROSS

sack and promptly began munching one.

"Is your father over there?" Mrs. Pipes peered near-sightedly toward the other side of the store. "I want to see him."

"I'll call him over here." Dottie knew her father would be uncomfortable if Mrs. Pipes began thanking him before the half-dozen men who were lounging around the cash register.

But to her surprise, Mrs. Pipes didn't thank him at all. She said spiritedly, with a gesture toward the wagon, "Walter Barman, I've brought all this stuff back to you. Not that I don't appreciate it, mind you. But I can't take it."

Dottie was absolutely speechless, but with an indulgent smile, her father said, "Now, Mrs. Pipes, you'll have to talk to my daughter here. That's some of her doing."

"Why, yes, Mrs. Pipes, I—" Dottie began.

The old lady shook her head. "You can't put me off with that. I know who put you up to it. I've known your father since he was knee-high to a duck, and he's always giving somebody something. It's a wonder to me he's got a cent to his name."

"Now, don't you worry about that. I—"

But Mrs. Pipes was determined to have her say. "That isn't the point. It wouldn't be so bad if you and Martha would ever let anybody do something for you. But no! Why, just yesterday, I offered to piece some quilts for Martha. And do you know what she wanted me to do?"

Dottie and her father shook their heads in unison.

"She wanted to pay me for it!" Mrs. Pipes' black eyes snapped. "And I'll tell you right now, Walter, if I can't piece quilts for your wife, you can't buy groceries for me." She began taking packages out of the wagon with an air of absolute finality.

Dottie looked at her father helplessly, but he gave her a reassuring wink, and stepping forward, put an arm around Mrs. Pipes' thin shoulders. "Now, wait just a minute," he said. "Suppose we compromise on this matter. You keep the groceries and piece some quilts for Dottie. One of these days she'll be wanting to get married, and who do you think would have her if she didn't have a quilt to her name?"

"We-ll—" Mrs. Pipes hesitated, and Dottie stepped in.

"Oh, I know what I want," she cried eagerly. "One like that blue and white pattern you had on the bed the other day. Remember?" The blue and white pattern was one Mrs. Pipes had created herself, and Dottie knew it. She caught Mrs. Pipes' arm. "Come and help me select the material."

But after the old lady had gone home, taking the groceries and the material for three quilts with her, Dottie remembered what Johnny had said that morning. How foolish she had been, how thoughtless. She had meant well, of course, just as her father had. But they hadn't stopped to consider that Mrs. Pipes wouldn't like to feel that she was accepting charity. It was strange that she had never thought of it that way before. Maybe sometimes the best way to do a favor was to let someone do you a favor.

And then it hit her right between the eyes. She couldn't tell Johnny about the job! Johnny had his pride just as Mrs. Pipes did. That was why he had understood so well. That was why he had turned down her dinner invitation. He didn't want to accept a favor he couldn't afford to return. Dottie could have wept. All her beautiful plans were spoiled.

I used to like it better when you and your boy friend were just getting acquainted and sending one another nice quiet postcards!

Later, she had just finished putting on fresh lipstick when she heard Johnny say good night to her father. Involuntarily, she snatched up her purse and made a dash for the door in order to reach it at the same time he did. They stepped out into the early dusk together.

"Well, goodnight, Dottie. See you Monday."

And right then, Dottie had an inspiration.

"Johnny," she touched his arm lightly, "Are you going to be busy tonight?"

He eyed her warily for just an instant before he shook his head. "Why no, I guess not."

"Well, I thought if you weren't," she began hesitantly, "Maybe you'd do me a favor."

She was surprised at the way his face opened up. "Of course, Dottie, if I can. What is it?"

"You may not like it," she warned, leading up to it gradually. "You know how bad I am in geometry."

Johnny's grin flashed. "Well, I wouldn't exactly call you a star student."

"That," said Dottie, "is putting it mildly. And dad told me today that I had to improve or stop working in the store."

"Oh. That *is* bad."

"It sure is. So I thought if you'd give me a little coaching—you're so good at it—maybe I could—" she trailed off.

He caught her hand, and even in the dusk, she could see that his eyes were warm and shining. "I'll see if I can teach you anything. But I'm too hungry to start on that job without some food. Let's stop for a bite."

Dottie shook her head. "Oh, no, mother'll have dinner ready, and she'd never forgive me if I wasn't there to eat it." She raised merry gray eyes to his. "I guess we can talk her into setting an extra plate for you," she said lightly as though it wasn't important at all.

"Okay, if you think it won't be too much trouble. But I sure am hungry."

"Let's hurry then."

And still hand-in-hand, they quickened their steps. Dottie couldn't imagine why she hadn't thought of this months ago.

WHEN LOVE STEPS IN

From page 49

please, Miss Brewster."

The bell sounded then and the students filed out of the room.

"Please," Della said desperately. "Today they're having tryouts for the senior class play and I *have* to be in it. I just *have* to."

A sudden inspiration struck Della. "They must have had a class play when you were graduated. Didn't you try out for it?"

"I was in it," Miss Brewster said shortly. "I had one line, 'Tea is served, Madame.' I was sensational," she added dryly.

She drew off her rimless glasses and polished them with a spotless handkerchief. "Run along, then, since it means so much to you. But do try to pay a little more attention in class hereafter."

When Della arrived at the auditorium, Mrs. Thompson, head of The Masquers, rapped sharply for attention. "As you know, we're holding tryouts for Ronald Clayton's play today. Mr. Carlyle of the music department has graciously consented to do the musical numbers for us." The syrupy, cultured voice ran on and on.

It was dark when the tryouts were over. Jennifer and Della breathed the fresh cool air ecstatically. "Golly," Della sighed, "I never thought I'd get the lead. Marion seemed so good."

Jennifer squeezed her arm. "You were *much* better."

"And you're perfect for the comedienne, Jen."

"If only," Jennifer sighed, "we can prevent the fox from keeping us after school from now until graduation. If we're late or absent from rehearsals three times, our understudies get the part."

Della shivered. "Gruesome thought. What do you suppose makes Miss Brewster so mean?"

"She's an old maid," Jennifer said knowingly. "What she needs is an interest in life—like tropical fish or stamps or something."

Della stopped short. "Listen," she squealed, "why can't we manufacture a romance for her? I have an uncle who's a peach. He's really awfully good-looking—"

Jennifer grimaced. "Pitch woo to Miss Brewster? She's way over thirty."

Miss Brewster was thirty-two.

Della stood her ground. "It's better than tropical fish." She about-faced abruptly. "Uncle Joe is probably still at the office. Do you want to come?"

"You couldn't lose me. *This* I have to see."

Joe Marlowe was at his desk when the receptionist showed them in.

"Why hello, chick. Decided to sue somebody?"

Della grinned. "This isn't business. I want you to meet Jenny James. Jen, this is Uncle Joe, the people's friend, upholder of law and order in North Hollywood."

The two nodded gravely.

Della said urgently. "I've come on a desperately important matter. Since you're my very favorite uncle, I decided you'd help."

"Your very *only* uncle," he corrected. "But go on."

Della poured out the whole story. When she finally paused for breath, he leaned forward. "Heartbreaking," he agreed. "But where do I come in?"

Della took a deep breath. "Well, we thought . . ." She looked desperately at Jennifer whose eyes rested blandly on the ceiling. "We thought . . . *I* thought maybe if you gave the old girl a whirl for the few months until the play, it might take her mind off her pupils."

Joe Marlowe swung his chair in a complete circle.

"I'm afraid we can't do business." His eyes twinkled. "And a very good afternoon to you both."

Della stared incredulously. "You mean the very first time I ask a small favor of you, you turn me down?" She fished a crumpled handkerchief out of her pocket and blew her nose vigorously. A tear appeared in the corner of her eye and she allowed it to glimmer dully and reproachfully at him.

"Now wait," he said. "You know I can't stand to see you cry."

Della was completely aware of the fact.

Jennifer decided to take an interest in the proceedings. "She's really sweet. Only she probably doesn't know many men and she's kind of bashful anyway."

Uncle Joe passed a weary hand across his forehead. "Dell, tell your mother to invite her to Sunday dinner. I'll be there." He swiveled his chair to face the window. "The condemned man ate heartily," he foretold hollowly.

Della flew over to him and dropped a kiss atop his head. "Thanks, Uncle Joe. Anything we can ever do for you . . ."

"Just go quietly," he whispered.

They tiptoed out of the office.

As they walked home from school one afternoon, Jen remarked knowingly, "Uncle Joe must be making time."

Della was startled. "What do you mean?"

"Miss Brewster. The earrings for one thing. And the knot on the back of her head is gone."

"You think Unk is responsible?"

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"What's your guess?"

"I haven't really looked at her lately," Della admitted. "I've been Merry Martin for weeks now."

"Steeping yourself in your part is silly. Didn't you notice the harlequins either?"

"I'll look next class."

In class the next day, Della stared. Before, her teacher had appeared to be wearing someone else's clothes, but her dress today was a soft, blue wool, beautifully fitted. She looked younger and almost pretty, Della decided, in an intellectual sort of way.

When the bell rang, Miss Brewster motioned Della to remain.

"Since there's no rehearsal this afternoon, I wondered if you'd like to have a soda with me?"

"Why yes," Della said blankly.

Miss Brewster drove her downtown. As they sat in one of the cool, dim booths Della relaxed. Miss Brewster had a sense of humor. Della suspected it was a rare trait in teachers.

"I caught a rehearsal the other afternoon," Miss Brewster said. "You act very well."

Della sighed. "I love to act. Mother cues me every afternoon."

"It must be fun to have people who care about you and worry with you and pull for you."

"Didn't your family?"

"My parents died when I was small and I lived with a maiden aunt. She couldn't stand much excitement, so I never brought friends to the house. I must have been a funny little girl, quiet and withdrawn and uncomfortable in the clothes my aunt chose."

Della felt her heart contract for the lonely little girl who was Miss Brewster. She's *still* lonely, Della thought. She felt deeply ashamed of the joke planned so callously. Miss Brewster hadn't mentioned Uncle Joe once. It could only mean that he was too important for casual conversation.

Later, after bidding Miss Brewster goodbye, Della found herself outside her uncle's office building and, after a moment's hesitation, turned in.

"No more plots," Uncle Joe greeted her. "This thing has one more month to run and then I can settle down again. You have no idea how you've disrupted my life."

"Miss Brewster's been very nice. Don't you think she's nice?"

He ran a hand over his mouth. "The little fox is all right, for a teacher."

"*The little fox,*" Della echoed incredulously. "Where did you get that expression?"

"She told me that's what you kids called her."

"Golly," Della breathed. "I didn't know she knew."

She took a deep breath. "Uncle Joe, do you like her?"

If she had come to mean something to him, it could still be all right.

"What kind of an answer do you want?" Uncle Joe asked seriously. "The little fox," he mused. "The description fits her pretty well, doesn't it?"

Rehearsals didn't go very well after that. Della began to hate her part. It was on account of the lead in a make-believe play that someone real and nice was going to be badly hurt.

The night of the senior class play finally arrived, and Della was backstage applying make-up when she heard a rap on the door. Her turbulent thoughts were on Miss Brewster, whose bubble was due to burst tonight. She called crossly, "Go away."

"Why, Della, temperament so soon?"

It was Uncle Joe and a radiant Miss Brewster.

"We came to wish you luck," the woman said, and Uncle Joe added, "We're expecting you to be a credit to us."

Miss Brewster put a hand on her shoulder and suddenly the tears that had been gathering behind Della's eyes welled up and spilled over and Della saw them sparkling on the white hand. Then, slowly, she wiped her eyes and stared. It wasn't the tears. It was a ring. A diamond ring. She looked up bewildered.

Miss Brewster nodded shyly. Della jumped to her feet and threw her arms around the teacher. "I'm so glad," she choked.

And then, after they had left, she called her uncle back.

"Why," Della accused, "did you say that awful description fit her?"

"I knew," Uncle Joe said calmly, "just why you were so interested in my feelings toward Amy. I thought I'd teach you that you can't push people around."

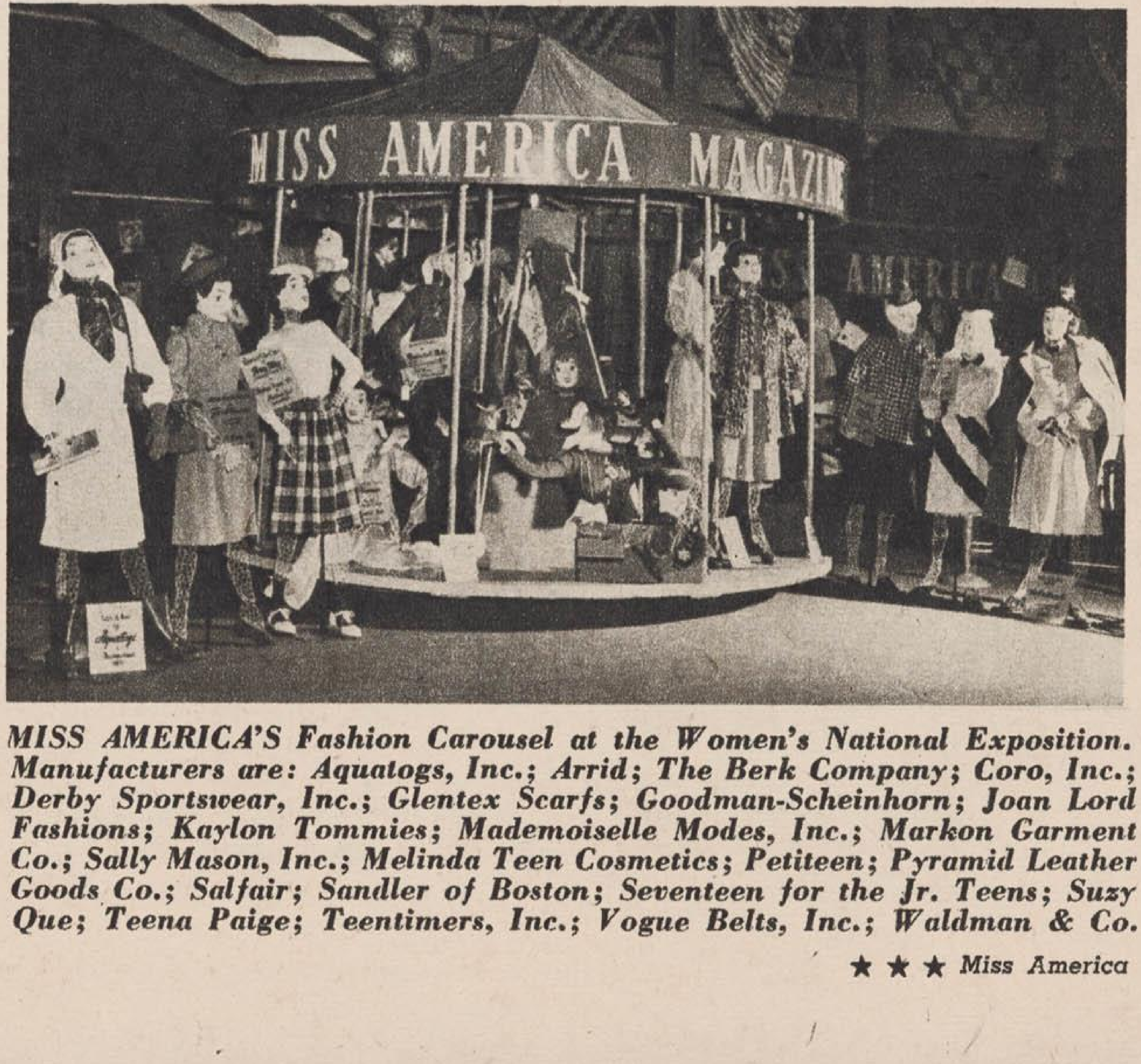
Della breathed. "Never again."

"Your description wasn't bad," he chuckled. "Did you ever see a little fox? They're beautiful. Heart-shaped faces and wide-spaced eyes." He changed his voice. "Amy brought a friend to the show. You'd better be good."

"Is he something special?"

"He's a talent scout with one of the smaller companies."

"Oh, Uncle Joe," Della whispered. She stared at him wide-eyed and tremulous and once again her eyes filled, but this time the tears were pure joy.



MISS AMERICA'S Fashion Carousel at the Women's National Exposition. Manufacturers are: Aquatogs, Inc.; Arrid; The Berk Company; Coro, Inc.; Derby Sportswear, Inc.; Glentex Scarfs; Goodman-Scheinhorn; Joan Lord Fashions; Kaylon Tommies; Mademoiselle Modes, Inc.; Markon Garment Co.; Sally Mason, Inc.; Melinda Teen Cosmetics; Petiteen; Pyramid Leather Goods Co.; Salfair; Sandler of Boston; Seventeen for the Jr. Teens; Suzy Que; Teena Paige; Teentimers, Inc.; Vogue Belts, Inc.; Waldman & Co.

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 6

looked, and Frankie whispered, "Will you dance with me?" Nancy consented. Next thing, the two kids were out on the floor dancing. Next thing—a waiter was asking for Mrs. Sinatra's coat at her table. Next thing—Frankie and Nancy had eloped!

Cute Diana Lynn broke her engagement to Selznick executive, Henry Willson, after starting her trousseau. But she's going to make the Selznick picture "Little Women." She's been in the hospital for an ear operation, and you should have viewed the flowers and get-well cards Diana received. She's our pet—and everyone's.

Cary Grant still dates Betty Hansel. Bill Eythe is still making movies in London, where he's become a No. 1 swoon lad.

Did you know that Alan Ladd actually did get sea-sick when he made "Two Years Before the Mast?" No fooling, in the scene where he is aboard the two-masted sailing vessel, *The Pilgrim,* in a storm at sea, the studio constructed a large tank on steel rockers and it pitched and tossed to imitate a storm, and poor Alan turned pale and dizzily grasped the ship's rail and fed the fishes. No foolin'.

Harry James' band is busting—only for a vacation, and will be back together again. If you like to dance to the personal music of your favorite band maestro, play 'em up, 'cause Hollywood can keep them busy making pictures, and more money. Tours have been tough of late.

Linda Darnell celebrating her twenty-fourth birthday, has been in pictures half her life. She came to Hollywood three times, and each time was sent back to grow up a little more. Final result is plenty okay!

And that's Hollywood!

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 8

get excessively angry make themselves look ridiculous. Did you ever notice how funny it is when comedians register anger or do a slow burn on the screen? Next time you lose your temper, have a mirror handy. It might make you stop your rage before it really gets started! Jean.

Dear Jean: My self-consciousness is beginning to get me down. Ever since I was ten, I have always been worried about people looking at me and no one else. I'm now 13, and everyone says that if I don't get a grip on myself, I will be lost. In school, I'm like a lost soul. I seem to have lost my force to hold friends. They seem to be friends to my face, but behind my back, they scoff. This is causing my school work to suffer, for if I recite something incorrectly in the classroom, they always laugh. There is another thing that worries me. A Youth Center is going to open soon in our community. I want to go, and yet something keeps holding me back. I have a great amount of hair on my legs and that is another worry. Please be kind enough to help me. Love, Carrie.

Dear Carrie: If you will make sure that you are always well-groomed and neatly pressed, you won't mind if people do look at you, because knowing you look clean and attractive will give you self-confidence. People could be looking at you because you are cute, you know! At your age it is only natural to doubt yourself. You are changing from a child into a young lady, and the glandular changes your body is undergoing often upset your nervous system and your emotional stability. This is nothing of which to be frightened; it is only necessary that you understand yourself and realize that very shortly you will become adjusted. Since you have had such self-doubts since you were ten, however, it means that you are more sensitive than most. And this sensitivity has become exaggerated this past year. It might help to realize that you may be imagining a lot of the scoffing you fear. Next time someone else makes a mistake while reciting, see if they don't get their share of laughter, too. And always remember that many times people are laughing *with* you, not *at* you. It will also help you if you will make a point of being interested in others, for then you will be less

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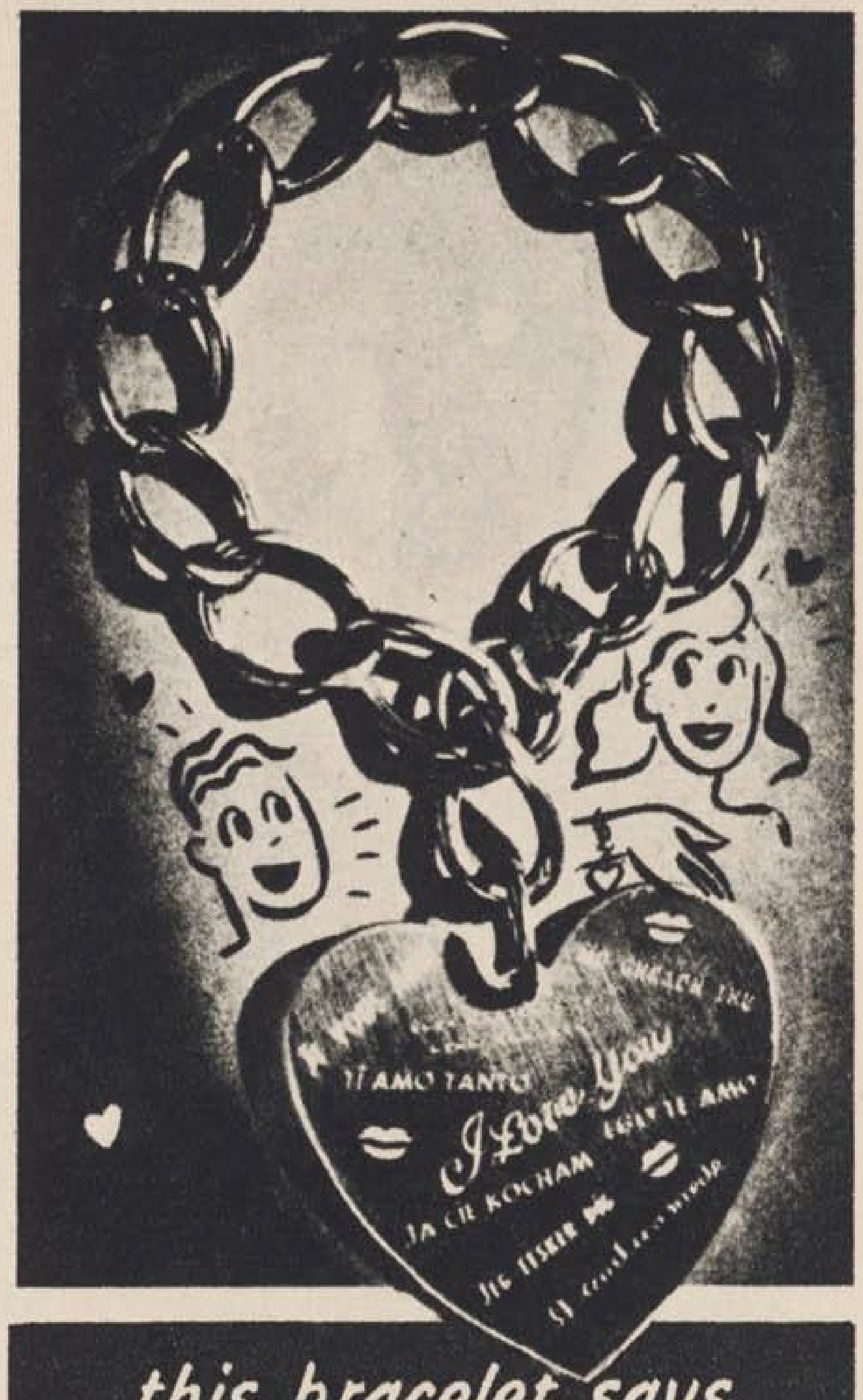

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apt to focus your attention exclusively on yourself and your reactions. When you go to the Youth Club, for instance, devote your time and attention to helping other people have fun. Your technique will pleasantly boomerang; you'll find you will enjoy yourself more than you ever have before. Learn to dance well. Learn to make the other person feel important, beloved and charming. This is the key to real popularity. As for the hair on your legs, merely buy one of the many good hair removers on the market. Getting rid of superfluous hair is a cinch these days. Best of luck to you, and let me know how you get along, will you? Jean.

Dear Jean: I have been reading how you have helped many girls, and I thought you might help me. I am a girl of 16, and my problem is my parents. They do not allow me to go out with boys and girls, even of my own age. My father says I must be in before dark, and now that it is winter, it gets dark fast. I would like to mix with others. One day a boy came over to ask my dad if I could go out and instead of answering the boy politely, my father answered in a gruff voice that I couldn't go. The reason he gave was that the boy was too short, although he's my height. The only boy my dad would let me go with is a boy whose father he knows. This boy is five years older than I, and what I know about him isn't very nice. I don't want to go with him. My father tells me that I can't go with any other boys until I am out of high school. I can't ask my mother's permission, and my father says I cannot come home to sleep if I don't take orders from him. Please help me, for I feel very unhappy shut out from the rest of the world. Helpless.

Dear Helpless: You really do have a problem, and I only hope I can give you the help you wish. Since your father will not allow you to go out with either boys or girls, that means you lead a very quiet and unsocial life. I do not think being shut away from all companions of your own age is good for any girl. It is apt to make you shy and uncertain of yourself when you do enter the normal life most people enjoy. Therefore, I would suggest that you enter some type of social activities of which your father would approve. He evidently has his mind made up about dates. But what possible objection could he have to the social activities connected with church going? I am sure that there is a young people's group in your own church and that they give socials, dinners, bazaars. Perhaps even dances. Why don't you start in from there and see if you can't win your father over to the fact that it is normal, natural and desirable for a girl of 16 to have friends of her own age? Jean.

Dear Jean: I am sixteen and have a boy friend who is fifteen. Do you think I am too old for him? We have many interests which are the same, and he keeps telling me that age doesn't matter. But I don't know. What do you think? Flora.

Dear Flora: I really don't think such a slight difference in age matters a bit, particularly if you are both the same age mentally and emotionally. By that I mean that if you both possess the same degrees of maturity, then a difference in calendar years is no difference at all. Jean.

STRAIGHT TO YOUR HEAD

From page 55

sprinkle cologne on the brush to give the hair a pleasant fragrance. These same hair experts say that's okay, provided you don't overdo it. What else they advise is that you keep your brush clean, otherwise you'll only be brushing dust and grime *into* your hair and not *out* of it.

If your hair is oily and you find that it becomes oilier after a few days of brushing, don't become discouraged. Oily hair is the result of over-active oil glands. You can temper them by brushing your hair regularly, shampooing once a week with a *non-oily shampoo*, and rinsing your head until you can fairly feel the water beating against your cerebellum.

It may well be that your hair is dry rather than oily, in which case, for a starter, you'd do well to wear a bonnet when you're out in the sun. Dryness is the result of lazy oil glands whose activity you can increase by brushing your hair faithfully (perhaps "upping" the number of strokes for the first few weeks), and/or an oil treatment the night before a shampoo. A quarter cup of heated mineral oil, rubbed into the scalp and left on overnight often does the trick.

But whatever method you use, be sure to give those 100,000 a good going-over with castile soap every two weeks. It's all right to put pomade and brilliantine on your hair every now and then when you want to shine, but be careful not to rub them into the scalp so that they strangle some of the hair roots.

Dandruff, contrary to opinion is not exclusively the result of dry scalp condition, although it is the most common cause. Fortunately, the condition can be remedied, although not overnight. For the dry-scalp variety, daily brushing does the trick nicely. For the kind that comes from an excessively oily scalp condition, follow the same formula you'd use for correcting oily hair. In addition, twice a week try massaging your scalp with alcohol. A couple of weeks of this treatment and your dandruff will be on its way.

But, perhaps we haven't come to your hair problem yet. Maybe your hair is neither too dry nor too oily, yet it is dull and unattractive. Hmmmm. You say you shampoo it thoroughly and rinse it completely too? Well, what can the matter be? We'll tell you. Either you need more sleep, exercise or *VITAMINS!* You figure it out. While you're in the vitamin department, don't forget that an egg a day keeps hair-dullness away. (No, no, Gertrude, you're supposed to EAT it.)

One last word: no matter what kind of hair you have, if you want the locks to simply gleam, polish them—like so: Mix one part orris root (you can buy it at a drug store) and two parts corn meal and rub it into your hair. Then, polish with a silk cloth. Finally, brush your hair! After this treatment you'll find your HIM gazing with adoration at your Crowning Glory, first, second and last—providing you comb it well after polishing!

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